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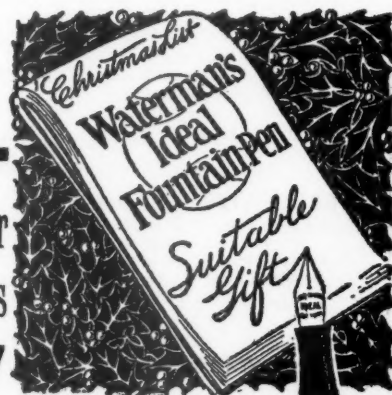
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# THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF  
SCIENCE AND

LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS



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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

### NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE begin to note indications that the economic pressure upon the liberal arts is rapidly reaching an extreme point. The money of the world tends increasingly to be spent either upon the bare necessities of life or upon absolute luxuries. The arts are neither of these things. They are the necessities of a civilized life. The truly civilized are the first to suffer under the pressure of modern conditions, largely because they are constitutionally debarred from devoting the whole of their energies to the making of money. They cannot maintain themselves at their old level in the social system, nor can they safeguard themselves from a precipitous fall. They are largely unorganizable. It seems quite inevitable therefore that their marginal expenditure on books, theatres, pictures and music should gradually dwindle to nothing. That does not necessarily mean that the general expenditure on these things will be greatly reduced; but that the discriminating expenditure must be. It is by the discriminating expenditure that the artists of the better class are enabled to live.

\* \* \* \*

Obviously the pressure of these conditions is intensified in the Central Empires. Nevertheless, it is with an unpleasant shock of surprise that we learn that Hugo von Hofmannsthal, one of the few German poets with a European reputation, has been begging for food in Germany. An even greater shock is given by the news that M. Paul Fort, likewise a poet of European reputation, has been compelled to write to the Paris newspapers to say that he is starving. M. Fort is, to our personal knowledge, not the man to make such a confession except under the pressure of extreme necessity. He is living, he says, with his aged

parents, his wife and three children in a single unheated attic room. M. Fort has never had an audience comparable in size to that of Herr von Hofmannsthal, who was Strauss's librettist, although it is a quarter of a century since the first volume of the long series of "Ballades Françaises" appeared; and it is, we suppose, some measure of the difference of conditions in France and Germany that these two poets have fallen from different heights of popularity and affluence to the same level of starvation.

\* \* \* \*

The cultivated classes upon whom a Fort and a von Hofmannsthal depend are slowly being submerged. The process is being accomplished at a different speed in different countries; but it would be mere stupidity to assert that its beginnings cannot be observed here in England. It is conceivable that in England it may not be complete; but it needs more than the average allowance of optimism to look forward to the next five years with confidence. On the other hand, it is not unreasonable to believe that the process might be checked by some kind of counter-organization. As we have said, the demand for the arts is, perhaps, not much less in mere bulk than it was five years ago. It is the quality of the demand that is deteriorating. Probably, to take a single instance, the actual number of novels bought this year is as great as the number bought in 1913; but the percentage of decently written novels bought is undoubtedly much smaller than it was. Moreover, as the correspondence in these pages has amply shown, even if the number of decent novels bought had remained at the old level, it would be eminently unprofitable for the publisher to continue to publish them. In order to maintain the quality of the book trade at the 1913 level, the educated demand would need to have been doubled.

The problem, therefore, is to educate the demand. We cannot refrain from paying a tribute to the very sincere efforts of most of the publishers to maintain their literary standard at the highest possible point. There are moments when, faced with the actual figures of the sale of a good book, we are inclined to think that some publishers have given proof of an idealism almost superhuman. At all events, though we, as representing in the main the author's point of view, are not naturally inclined to be generous to publishers, we gladly admit that most of them have played their part—some of them a good deal more than their part—towards educating the demand. Whether they can continue to play it is another matter. They cannot afford to run full tilt into an economic law.

\* \* \* \*

On the whole—and we have given a good deal of thought to this matter—we consider that it is the booksellers who have failed in their duty. As a body they appear to have ceased to care what books they sell. They aim merely at the largest profits. We do not for one moment blame them for catering to the demand for best-sellers, and supplying it to the utmost extent. But we are convinced it is nothing less than their duty to make an effort to sell books of a better class. We admit that the effort is not very profitable; but we contend that their trade is not a mere retailing of indifferent merchandise; it has a tradition and it has responsibilities. To have sold a good book to an unlikely customer should be a real source of pride. As it is, we are convinced that hardly more than one bookseller in twenty—we do not include the second-hand booksellers, who do maintain a tradition—pays the faintest attention to the reviews in the three chief English literary periodicals. We have asked for books which have been enthusiastically praised by them all, but in vain. Now this condition of things is scandalous. If the booksellers will not put their own house in order, the publishers of decent books should, before it is too late, combine to establish a number of co-operative bookshops where their best books are at least shown to the public. We hear rumours that such a measure is being considered. It is high time.

\* \* \* \*

There is one fact which needs to be borne in mind by those who seriously consider this thorny subject, namely, that the sale of what we roughly label decent literature depends far more on the opportunity to purchase than on a definite and precise demand. A pile of books in a fairly prominent place in a bookshop has a trick of selling itself, partly because most book-buyers, of whatever level of taste, go into a shop much more often with the idea of looking round than of purchasing a book which they have previously made up their mind to buy. Moreover, among the book-buyers whose taste is unformed, a pile has a tendency to sell itself simply because it is a pile. "It must be a good book"—so runs the unexpressed reasoning—"because so many people want it." This elementary proposition of what the Americans call the science of salesmanship holds good of books no less than drapery. If the modern booksellers will not risk making at least an adequate display of decent books, then the publishers must endeavour to establish direct contact with the public.

## A WILD THING

IT was very awkward of the young soldier to let it out so abruptly, for nobody in that third-class railway carriage wanted to catch a wild thing at half-past eleven on an ordinary morning while a train bound for Oxford and Worcester stopped for five minutes at Reading. Reading is only a conventional stop on that journey: few get out and few get in. The brain receives no stimulus—business, biscuits, "Ba-anbury Cikes," "Oxford the next stop," a brisk clang of doors, and so on to the West. Neither the parson, nor the elderly lady, nor the poet, who occupied three corners of the carriage, were expecting to be disturbed when the young soldier let himself in and that wild thing out. That the boy—he looked eighteen—was a soldier mattered very little, for it was some years before the war made the sight of khaki give a jerk to every brain. The tune of the "Absent-minded Beggar" was mercifully dead, and an isolated soldier in uniform, with regulation cane and kit-bag, might enter a railway carriage without diverting a parson's attention from the *Guardian* or moving an elderly lady to put down her novel. A girl, with a plain face, dressed in the jacket and skirt natural to a girl of the soldier's station, stood on the platform by the carriage window. Seeing him off? The usual commonplaces? Obviously. "Ba-anbury Cikes?" No, thank you; the poet's anticipation of lunch in his old college was proof against such distractions.

But they were all to be distracted—the solidly-built clergyman with dull, kind eyes, the elderly lady with a curved beak neatly clipped by eyeglasses, and the poet who had just grown out of trying to look poetic. The poet noticed it first. Penetration? No: just luck. He was opposite the soldier and nearest the platform. He missed something that he expected—the usual commonplaces of good-bye. The young soldier leaned out of the window towards the girl, but hardly a word came from either. Two other girls strolled along the platform past the carriage. "Ullo, May; 'Ullo, Bert," they called without lingering. Hardly a sound came in reply—just a ghost of a forced "Ullo" from Bert, and still no other word. "Odd," thought the poet, "one would have expected more boisterous acclamation." He watched lazily till the rhythm of the moving train should restore that of his mind. May spoke:

"Got your cigarettes?"

"Yes."

May gave a half-smile, showing ugly teeth. The poet slightly shuddered inside him. Such insipidity.

"Take your seats, please; Oxford the next stop."

May moved up to the window. "You won't be long getting there. You'll write to me soon?" Her voice had as little expression as her face.

"Yes, I'll write." Bert leaned forward and gave her a long kiss. Affectionate, thought the poet. The train moved smoothly on its way. May stood still; Bert's head, framed in the window, was turned towards her. The parson had looked up and looked down again; the elderly lady had wiped her glasses and fitted them neatly back on her nose; the poet

had luxuriously heaved his right leg over his left. Rhythm, in fact, was just being restored when the young soldiers at dawn, stared blindly out of the window for a second or two, remarked, "It's 'ard to be parted," and began to cry.

There it was, and good-bye to rhythm. He had let it out, in defiance of all the unwritten by-laws of travel, which, under penalty of severe censure, forbid a passenger to let anything out of his control. Lesser breaches—a blown tobacco-ash, a vagrant crumb—can be ignored, but never a wild emotion. Wild, the young soldier's emotion fluttered up before three totally unprepared people, like a bat from the gloom on a summer night, or, still more, like a martin from the eaves trapped in an attic at the break of day. Swiftly, despairingly, it skims from wall to wall under the ceiling, whirring its wings and waking the sleeper—too blind to escape, too frightened to be caught.

Of course they were shocked: of course each felt that something must be done to stop that wild thing fluttering to and fro in the narrow carriage. It was distracting them, it brushed blindly against their breasts and eyes in its quivering flight; besides, they pitied it. Human beings, complacent of a wild thing broken to captivity, are compassionate of one that has ignorantly strayed into a strange confinement. They are constrained by pity to make all effort for its restoration to wide places; by soothing, by coaxing, if it will; but if not, by chasing, by hustling, even by beating, so that it leave them undisturbed in their own comfortable circumscription. Neither the parson nor the lady nor the poet would have been disturbed if the young soldier, in their proximity, had opened his heart in some high, windy place, upon a green down, or in a forest. The emotion would have fluttered up as wildly, but its wings would not have beaten at their eyes and breasts. It would have soared like a lark, but singing no song to them, until it perished from exhaustion, or dropped back, tame and tired, into the heart from which it flew so passionately.

"Poor boy!" The young soldier, had he looked, might almost have seen it on their lips: but he only saw his own tears. The other three avoided each other's gaze. Each was feeling a call for action and an incapability of responding. Something *had* to be done. The intolerable thing obviously could not be hustled out of the window: somebody must catch it and soothe it. The elderly lady had never been a mother or a wife: she had never given comfort nor ever wanted it. With a certain cheerful hardness she had always thrown her own troubles out of the window and effectively dodged those of other people. She was renowned for her tact, an admirable quality for curbing occasional ebullience in the domesticated emotions, but entirely at a loss when faced with a wild one. Pity urged her to have a try: her heart was not proof against pity, but her tact could deal with it. What word, it suggested, could she throw right across a railway carriage that would tame the sorrow of an unknown soldier boy? And to get up and solemnly sit by his side—so awkward. The poet meanwhile felt the challenge more poignantly but more hopelessly. He had known, more than once, the sudden agony that opens the heart's cage. More than once he had rushed, white-cheeked and with convulsed fingers, to

solitude, with an almost physical clutch at his breast, to prevent the struggler's escape before the gaze of others who would try to soothe it still with words, how embarrassed, how futile, and with what a sense of pitiful exposure! There were no words to soothe it still which any stranger could utter, unless he were one of the great magicians, the great saints or great sinners, who knew the secret name by which to call wild spirits to subjection. The poet had no magic of that kind; the words that rose to his lips were paltry, inadequate. To sit opposite that blubbing boy in khaki, averting his eyes with an effort, was intolerable. Such a fellow might not understand that only decency kept him silent. Yet "Buck up!"—blatant indecency. He impulsively put his hand to his cigarette case, only to snatch it back, blushing hotly. As if a cigarette, offered ever so sympathetically, could still that wild thing passionately flying.

The parson eased the woman's doubts and the poet's shame. After all, it flashed upon them, it was more in his line than anyone else's. That, and no more, was about the level of feeling in the parson's mind. He was a country rector, with a surface of receptivity worn a little hard, nevertheless acting instinctively at the call of a troubled spirit as would a doctor at the call of some suffering body. In the few seconds while the woman and the poet sounded their incapacity, he, less disturbed than they, got up and sat down by the boy. The two others no longer averted their eyes: they watched intently—the woman in hope, the poet in suspense. The boy still looked out of the window through his tears. The parson spoke: his voice was kind.

"Is it for long?" he said.

"Seven year." The boy's voice cracked, but his head did not move.

Silence. He had spoken, that curer of souls, but he had not the word. Seven years, seven years: there could be no word that was not an insult. The woman wondered if the soldier would ever use his pocket-handkerchief and the poet's marrow burned. The parson looked quickly at both of them, cleared his throat with resignation, and moved back, baffled, to his corner and his *Guardian*.

As the train left Oxford the young soldier fell asleep, his cap grotesquely tilted. Some time, somewhere that wild thing dropped exhausted: nor would it once return to him in all that seven years, even as a ghost.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

## Poetry

### THE HORSE-TROUGH

Clouds of children round the trough  
 Splash and clatter in the sun:  
 Their clouded shoes are mostly off,  
 And some are quarrelling, and one  
 Cools half her face, nose-downward bubbling,  
 Wetting her clo'es and never troubling:  
 Bobble, bobble, bobble there  
 Till bubbles like young earthquakes heave  
 The orange island of her hair,  
 And tidal waves run up her sleeve.  
 Another's tanned as brown as bistre,

Another ducks his little sister,  
And all are mixed in such a crowd  
And tell their separate joys so loud  
That who can be this silent one,  
This dimpled, pensive, baby one?  
She sits the sunny earth so still  
For hours trying hard to kill  
One fly at least of those that buzz  
So cannily . . .

And then she does.

RICHARD HUGHES.

### AN OLD KEEP

If I into the past might peep,  
Some five-and-sixty years o'ergoing,  
I'd seek out an old garden-keep,  
Where homely fruits and flowers were growing ;

And there (while filial love for me  
A visionary day uncloses)  
A twelve-year maiden I should see  
Plucking the berries and the roses ;

And, round her, other girls, to whom,  
With a sweet smile, and heart of bounty,  
She gives the pick of fruit and bloom  
In that old keep, in Essex county.

Now, slower, as old Time approves  
(For Mother's count of years is weighty),  
But busy, round the keep she moves—  
This dear old dame that's nearing eighty.

Service and love, as through the past,  
Prompt her the while the fruit she chooses ;  
Service and love, while life shall last,  
Will prompt, for with her neither loses.

No solemn creed has soured her heart,  
Or e'er made dark the brow of duty ;  
From bigot hate she has stood apart ;  
And eve draws on in quiet beauty.

The same sweet cheer, the bounty deep,  
To all, to all, her heart disposes,  
As when, a girl, in that old keep,  
She proffered free the fruit and roses.

H. B.

### BROWN MORNING

Now martins that I loved no longer play  
On blue swift wings up my suburban way,  
Their journey is far south ; and here instead  
Stray solemn rooks blow darkly overhead ;  
Here brown leaves curl about me in the breeze  
That shakes them down from gaunt bare poplar trees,  
Here brown leaves tread through garden walks, or lie  
For children's feet to crunch as they go by ;  
The brown leaves and the tawny leaves are bright  
With frost that tips their edges, and sunlight.

And townward in shop windows, row on row,  
Pale melons and brown pears, and apples glow,  
And here the brown fog of dark Autumn days  
Lies on dark walls and blue still water-ways,  
And here a market-boy in russet brown  
Drives his great load of marrows through the town,  
And here a flower-girl by the station wall  
Holds red chrysanthemums in her brown shawl.

DOROTHY M. ROBERTS.

## REVIEWS TRANSLATIONS

TÊTE-D'OR. By Paul Claudel. Translated by John Strong Newberry. (New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press; London, Milford. 8s. 6d.)

THREE POEMS OF THE WAR. By Paul Claudel. Translated by Edward O'Brien. (Same publishers. 6s. 6d.)

LE BALADIN DU MONDE OCCIDENTAL. Par J. M. Synge. Version de Maurice Bourgeois. (Paris, Editions de la Sirène. 6fr.)

THE greater part of every educated person's youth is spent in learning to translate from one language into another. Between the ages of eight and twenty-two the upper-class English boy is engaged in translating Latin, Greek and French into English, in turning newspaper articles into Ciceronian prose, Shakespearean sonnets into Sapphics, and Tennysonian blank verse into Greek iambs. One of the earliest recollections of the present writer is of having been asked to translate the statement, "Lo, cows [insert epithet] carry distended udders," into a Latin hexameter ; while one of the most painful of his later memories is connected with an examination in which he was required to turn Shakespeare's "Shall I compare thee" into a French sonnet. One would expect that this incessant practice, during at least ten or a dozen years, would end by making the men and women who pass through the ordinary educational mill expert in the art of translation. One would think that the pedagogues might have discovered some sovereign recipe for turning one language into another. But good translators are still as rare as ever, and no system exists which will serve as a substitute for the translator's special talent.

There are no rules that tell one how to make Gautier's marvellously elegant

*Le squelette était invisible  
Au temps heureux de l'art païen*

seem anything but the baldest and most prosaic of statements when turned into English. Or take from Shakespeare those lines, for example, on Cressid's hand,

*to whose oft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman.*

One has a feeling of this poetry that it walks along the air. By what trick of the trade shall we make it learn to walk the logical earth at the ordered pace which suits French poetry?

No, there is no system, but only talent. The translator of talent can do one of two things. He can alchemically alter his material, so that it loses its foreign characteristics and becomes a new native work ; or he can as far as possible preserve the foreign idiosyncrasies, imposing a new dialect and turn of thought upon his own language. The Urquhart and Motteux translation of Rabelais is a good example of the first method ; and Milton, though he was no translator, shows us how a Latinized speech could be imposed on English. The Miltonic imposition of one language upon another is the more difficult feat. It is, moreover, the method of translation in which there are the greatest literary possibilities.

The translators whose versions are here under review have all of them chosen the more ordinary course of recreating as far as possible the works of which they give us versions. Of the two translations from Claudel, that of "Tête-d'Or," by Mr. J. S. Newberry, is the more successful. Mr. Newberry has interpreted the splendid violence of the original in a language based on the English of the Bible. It is a noticeable fact that the passages in which he is least successful are those in which he has to follow his original in a rapid transition from some grand remote piece of imagery to a metaphor drawn from something very concrete and everyday. This is the more

curious when we consider that it was originally the English tradition to mingle the sublime with the ordinary and that Othello's *mouchoir* had power to raise an uproar in the Paris of 1830. In these later years it is, on the contrary, the French who have led the way in introducing the common objects of everyday life, such as railway engines, motors and top-hats, into poetry.

Mr. Edward O'Brien's translation of Claudel's "Trois Poèmes de Guerre" is not particularly felicitous. Claudel's long sagging lines do not easily become English; Mr. O'Brien has drilled them into a sort of prolonged poulter's measure, which is not particularly dignified. But what we complain of chiefly in his translation is the fact that he has not always rendered the French correctly. Take these lines, for example, at the beginning of the second poem:

Le sang injustement répandu est long à pénétrer dans la terre.  
C'est la rosée des cieus innocents qui est pour elle et la large pluie salulaire

Qui ressort en moissons plantureuses, fourrage et blé, orgueil de la Hesbaye et du Brabant.

Plus douce encore à ses veines toutefois quand il vient s'y mêler, s'il faut du sang.

L'âme rouge dans elle de ses fils et la libation comme du lait et comme du vin

Du soldat qui pour la défendre est tombé, les armes à la main.

Mr. O'Brien translates thus:

The blood unjustly shed sinks slowly into earth.  
The simple skyey dews and great clean rains give birth  
To fertile harvests, corn and grain, the pride of Hesbaye and Brabant.

Yet gentler to its veins for that it mingles with our blood to plant

The red soul of her sons in her, the offering of milk and wine  
The soldier gave defending her in death, erect and armed in line.

We say nothing of the weakening of "fourrage et blé" to "corn and grain." It is in the fourth line that the trouble begins. Mr. O'Brien's words have really no sense whatever. In the fourth line the earth is neuter—"its veins"; in the fifth it has become feminine. In the English version the "offering of milk and wine" is treated as though it were something separate from "our blood" and the "red soul of her sons," thus rendering the whole passage completely nonsensical.

In the last line of the same poem Mr. O'Brien again takes the liberty of altering the sense of his original.

Ressens la terre sous tes pieds pleine de morts qui est molle et qu'enfoncé

is rendered as

And feel with all our deed beneath your feet the earth that yields and sinks to everlasting fires.

The vulgarity of those everlasting fires has no justification whatever in the French.

M. Maurice Bourgeois is a bold man to have undertaken the task of translating "The Playboy of the Western World" into French. He has carried out his task with as much success as could be expected—that is to say at the expense of all the surface quality of the play. It needs only the shortest example to show how completely the varnish has been rubbed off in the French version. "God help me," says Christy, "where'll I hide myself away and my long neck naked to the world?" In the French version this becomes "Dieu m'aide, où vas-je me cacher et mon long cou tout nu?" The suppression of that final "naked to the world" kills all the romantic exaggeration and picturesqueness inherent in the original. We offer no suggestions as to how these qualities might be preserved in French. It is probably impossible to carry them over from the original. Criticism in this case must be purely negative: something very important in the original does not appear in the translation. That is all one can say.

A. L. H.

## MR. CLUTTON-BROCK'S CRITICISM

ESSAYS IN BOOKS. By A. Clutton-Brock. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

MR. CLUTTON-BROCK has the prime virtue of the critic: he interests us. The very mode in which he interests us is interesting, for it is, considering the superficial unity of his style, curiously variable. His way of saying what should be important things unimportantly is equable and entirely his own; we feel vaguely—and we should not care to be called to stand and deliver an exacter definition—that he has evolved it as an expedient for saving himself the fatigue that comes of much writing. Like Samuel Butler, whom he so nicely appreciates, he has learnt that one must serve God and Mammon. Other writers, faced by the same practical problem, try to serve God one day and Mammon the next. More precisely, they have all their heart in Monday's work, and none in Tuesday's. Mr. Clutton-Brock seems to have invented a method of permanently throttling down.

It is as though he had definitely decided on the length of rope he will allow himself. Everything depends on whether the particular figure with whom he is dealing comes within the radius. But the metaphor is misleading, because it suggests that all writers who are more than a fixed distance away from his own centre are beyond his reach. Mr. Brock's rope is elastic in some directions and not in others. It is not that he comes to grips with the easy ones, and fails with the more difficult. Keats is not really easier to understand than Dostoevsky; yet Mr. Brock's essay on "The Promise of Keats" goes straight to the heart of the matter, while he merely brushes the surface of Dostoevsky. So too with Charlotte Brontë and Dickens, whom he rightly associates. Charlotte Brontë yields up her secret; Dickens remains, despite a *simplesse* of exposition, an enigma. It is easy for a working critic to explain these variations, which are immediately sensible to the ordinary reader as a feeling of grip tightened and relaxed. The mastery comes when the accident of publication chimed with Mr. Clutton-Brock's independent speculation; the failure when he was called upon for a critical essay at short notice on a set subject. But that does not sufficiently explain their being together in a single book. Mr. Brock's weakest essays would, of course, make a brave showing against most published criticism; but, having tasted his best, we ask for more of that, and we are a little surprised that the author himself should not be aware of what appears to us as a palpable discrepancy in his achievement.

At his best, Mr. Brock is a psychological critic of a very high order, with a gift of expressing profound intuitions with a deceptive simplicity. This simplicity is, however, something of a danger. It seems to lead him to address an imaginary audience of well-intentioned optimists, and so to a false simplification. We turn with a dismayed sense that the quality of thought has deteriorated from the wise remark that "Shakespeare was a professional writer, but not a professional poet," to this on Turgenev's attitude to life:

We, whatever we believe, do not, like him, suffer from this sense of treachery in things . . . To us, as to Tolstoy, human stupidity is unnatural rather than natural; it is rebellion rather than compliance. In fact, as a thinker, Turgenev is old-fashioned.

In the first place who are "we"? Are "we" other than those who think Turgenev an old-fashioned thinker? And does Tolstoy so easily take his place among "us"? Is "compliance rather than rebellion" in fact his creed? If Mr. Brock wants to be an optimist, he can always find solid sustenance for his faith in the results that the most ruthless analysis of a great writer will yield. Tolstoy is not really more comfortable for having been made like "us." It flatters "us," no doubt, but that is only because "we" do not read Tolstoy.

M.

## JOHN EVELYN

THE EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION OF JOHN EVELYN. With a Commentary by H. Maynard Smith. "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies." (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

MODERN historians are, to use a catchword which used to be popular with themselves in the infancy of their school, "very stark men." They not merely want everybody to learn history, which in certain measures and degrees is a wholly proper desire. They want all the world to "research" history, which, with all due submission to them, a very small part of the world is qualified for doing; and they even sometimes seem to think that everyone who learns history should also write it—an idea which is simply terrible. Further, they look with stern reprehension on any historian who endeavours to be "literary." And now, lastly, some of them seem to have decided that while every facility should be given to the writing of history, bar literary aspirations, it is well to interpose curious difficulties in the way of reading it.

Mr. Maynard Smith's commentary on the early part of Evelyn's Diary is in itself a thing that may be heartily welcomed, and in every respect but one of its presentation the welcome holds good and increases with acquaintance. This respect, unfortunately, is almost an omnipresent one. There is a well-known and not uncommon objection to footnotes by an author on his own work. "When," it is said with some show of justice, "they are strictly relevant they should be incorporated in the text; and when they are not strictly relevant they are a temptation to divagate and trifle." But it has been the general notion that a "Commentary"—that is to say, a more or less connected series of annotations on another man's work—had very much better accompany the text as closely as possible—not perhaps surrounding it, like that of the charm fatal to Merlin, but ready for the eye beneath or opposite the text itself. Now Mr. Maynard Smith has not only postponed his notes to his text, but has cut the text up into slices, each succeeded by its ration of notes. The result is that unless a man is content, like the reader of the dictionary in more than one anecdote, to read straight on regardless of continuity and connection, or unless he is possessed of a not quite usual vividness of memory, he will find himself constantly "sagging" backwards and forwards in order to be certain what he is reading about. It so happens that the actual arrangement exposes the relative inconvenience of this plan, and the convenience of the other, with remarkable innocence or more remarkable frankness. For in several cases, the sections of text being short, the notes do occur below, or at least opposite to, it; and he must be a curious reader who does not experience a sense of relief.

We should not have made this stricture (for it would not have been worth while) if the book had not been well worth reading, and therefore well worth comfortable arrangement. Evelyn is a person very interesting in more ways than one. It is easy to make fun of him, especially with the help of Mr. Pepys. But Samuel's remarks have always made us think of the somewhat more candid statement of an Oxford Tutor when somebody asked why he had taken a living. "Well, you see, the Head" (let us use this general term in order not to bring identification too close by saying Warden or Provost, President or Principal), "the Head brings his friends' sons up here, and they're gentlemen and I'm not one, and it makes things difficult." Evelyn, despite one little "refusal" in his youth, was emphatically a gentleman, and a very considerable man of letters as well: though perhaps he tried too many things and thought too well of himself in regard to some of them. Perhaps, also, it may be difficult for the possessor of such a pattern house and domain as Wotton not to think a little too much of

himself; and unless Common Report exaggerates even more than usual, it is not long since an owner of the place and representative of the family manifested the ailment in a very much more robust manner than the biographer of Margaret Blage and the chronicler of the revels at Whitehall, just before the second Charles was to meet his fate with as much courage as his father, but in a fashion so singularly different.

Still, if the Squire of Wotton (N.B., a well-advised pedestrian will approach it from Friday Street, not from the Dorking-Guildford road) was somewhat, though in a much more respectable, if less amusing fashion than the Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, self-centred, the extent of the circumference of his interests was very much wider than that of Samuel's. So he gives all the more scope for annotation. Of this Mr. Maynard Smith has availed himself right well; and a person who is content to take goods as they are provided, whether by gods or men, may almost resign himself to letting the text, especially if he knows it before, take its chance and browsing upon the notes. Most of the interesting books bearing on the subject have been laid under contribution. Here you may read how a baby-girl was once baptized in a drawing-room half-way through a game of cards, the godmothers, if not the godfather, putting down their hands to promise and vow, and taking them up afterwards. Persons who want something more serious will find a miniature panorama of the Thirty Years' War at p. 26, and another of the unfortunate attempts to relieve La Rochelle a dozen pages later. There are interesting illustrations of seventeenth-century medicine; and Evelyn's Oxford sojourn is particularly well side-lighted with information on studies, amusements, dress, "coursing" (a very objectionable form of what is now called "ragging" practised by one college on another during disputations), pocket-money, tutorial authority, and University *quodlibeta*. Then we pass to the Temple, to the trial of Strafford, to the beginning of Evelyn's artistic interests in connection with Lord Arundel's collections and "servants" Vanderborcht and Hollar; ending with the start for that rather more discreet than valorous Continental journey by aid of which the Diarist "absented himself from this ill face of things at home," as he placidly remarks. It would appear that the adventure is to be continued; and, at the risk of being charged with beginning to ban and ending with blessing, we hope it may be. Despite the labours of editors from Bray to Mr. Dobson, there is plenty left to be done, especially in Mr. Maynard Smith's "cornucopious" fashion of doing it. The text seems to be still inaccessible, at least with that unrestricted access which modern scholarship desires. But even in this respect the present version would appear to be the fullest yet got together; and, as has been already more than once allowed, the annotations have perhaps a little more independent value than the "text" in a special sense usually acquires from another kind of commentary.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

WE welcomed, some little time since, the Rev. E. Gepp's "Essex Dialect Dictionary." Mr. Gepp has now produced a supplement (Felsted, the Author, 7d.) which seems to us equally good. It is the unusual flesh-and-blood manner which renders him such a capital dialectician. He makes words live on paper: "Devil-dodger: a hoverer between Church and Chapel." "Plain: unaffected, easy to talk to. 'Ye see, the parson's so plain,' is eulogy." "You may hear, if you are so fortunate, 'Git along, ye nasty little spinnick; don't I'll ha' th' guts out a ye.'" We have been so fortunate. Mr. Gepp prefixes to his supplement a brief reply to some criticisms; we are glad he will have none of an unreadable phonetic system. He hopes that the *Essex Review* will act as headquarters for a great Essex Dialect Dictionary: we hope so too, and also that Mr. Gepp will give the world presently some sketches of Essex life and customs.

## BOLSHEVISM

THE TWELVE. By Alexander Blok. Translated from the Russian with an Introduction and Notes by C. E. Bechhofer. With Illustrations and Cover Design by Michael Larionov. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

**S**PEAKING, as it seems to us, rather at random, Mr. Bechhofer says of the author of this poem that, "more visionary than even Maxim Gorky, Blok strives to pierce beneath the squalor and cant of Bolshevism to those impulses and passions that have made it a world-wide movement and drawn thousands of enthusiasts in every country to its standard." To our mind this seems to be precisely what Alexander Blok has not done. In this history of twelve Red Guards patrolling the city in a storm at night we are given almost no insight whatever into the minds of the men who made the revolution or of the others who were their more or less enthusiastic instruments. Blok drops only two hints. The first appears in the eighth section of the poem, which runs in the English version as follows:—

Oh, bitter woe!  
Dull dulness,  
Deadly!  
I'll spend my time,  
You bet I'll spend it. . . .  
I'll scratch my head,  
You bet I'll scratch it. . . .  
I'll chew my quid,  
You bet I'll chew it. . . .  
I'll slash with my knife,  
You bet I'll slash with it.  
Fly away, bourgeoisie [bourgeois], like a sparrow!  
Or I'll drink your blood  
For my little love's sake  
With the black brows. . . .  
Give peace, O Lord, to the soul of thy slave.  
It's dull!

The intolerable sense of ennui experienced by the stupid crowd is certainly a potent factor in revolution. While he is still wearing the strait-waistcoat of ancient routine the ordinary human being does not feel boredom acutely. It is only when he is set free that the sense of ennui and restlessness becomes insupportable. For the old strait-waistcoat was also a support. Once it has been stripped off he collapses, not knowing what to do. The restlessness and boredom born of a suddenly acquired liberty, for which he is in no way fitted, drive him from scratching his head and chewing his quid to slashing with his knife. And so he goes on slashing until he is tired and suffers a new master to adjust a new strait-waistcoat of laws and conventions. Ennui and atrocities follow logically from that "freedom without the Cross" proclaimed by the Twelve as they patrol the city streets.

Blok's other hint is in the very last words of the poem:

So they march with sovereign tread.  
Behind them follows the hungry cur.  
And at their head, with the blood-stained banner, . . . .  
At their head goes Jesus Christ.

The revolution is a religion—was, at least, when it first began. The bored and restless multitude is following a messiah. Whither? Mr. Blok cannot answer; neither can anyone else.

It is worth while comparing "The Twelve" with "Prikaz," M. André Salmon's very moving poem on the Bolshevik revolution. In poetical quality Blok's work, at any rate in the present translation, seems barren compared with that of M. Salmon. Salmon, moreover, has entered very much more deeply into those states of mind, both among the leaders and the led, that made the revolution possible. Blok tells us very little that we could not learn from the newspapers. Of the unknown quantities of revolutionary psychology he says disappointingly little. There is much more in Bolshevism than the stupid bestiality of the twelve Red Guards. We ask for a more explicit explanation both of its success and of its failure.

## BARBELLION'S LAST DIARY

A LAST DIARY. By W. N. P. Barbellion. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

**T**HIS diary, unlike the two volumes which preceded it, is obviously the work of a diseased man. It is written in spurts, with a whipped-up energy; the entries are written by a man who comes alive for the occasion. There are but few places where we feel that Barbellion's mind is working freely, where the thoughts suggest a living and continuous context; more often it seems as if, his time terribly short, his little reserve of energy terribly low, Barbellion clutched at his idea. There is, therefore, some distortion. The Barbellion of the early diaries is still here, but we have to adjust the emphasis to see him properly. It is interesting to note that the one thing in him that remains perfectly steady and unforced is his genuine scientific quality. Barbellion was a student of natural history, a branch of science which seems, more than any other, to awaken a muddled emotionalism in its devotees. It seems to be a science which peculiarly attracts a host of camp-followers from amongst what William James might have called the "soft"-minded people. Barbellion, even when hysterical, has not a trace of this. As a scientific man he is clean right through. Barbellion was other things, but he was scientific: that was his birthright.

His literary quality we find more ambiguous. Certainly he could write; he could write very well, but when he says, of Wells' introduction to his book, "Characteristically he concentrates on me as a biologist, whereas I like to look at myself posthumously as a writer," we are inclined to think that Mr. Wells had chosen the better part. We think it is not only a rarer, but a more valuable thing to have Barbellion's instinctive, scientific sense of veracity and proportion, than it is to have his literary ability. A sense for facts and the right kind of emotional hardness is a better thing than a sense for words and an agile fancy. A bigger man can be constructed from the first ingredients. Barbellion's writing, to our mind, is always at its best when he is being most scientific.

At these moments we feel that a true instinct takes control; we are then making contact with a mind which is mature, balanced, central. In the rest of his writing we sometimes feel free to attach as little importance as we please to what Barbellion says. We sometimes feel that he is saying something we know and have learned to neglect. This has no bearing, of course, on the value of the diaries as a revelation of a person; it merely has a bearing on the value of the person revealed. Regarded as a literary man, we find Barbellion less just, less precise, less really competent than, for instance, young Sorley, who died even younger than Barbellion. We insist that it is as the revelation of a young *scientific* man that the diaries are chiefly valuable, and that if Barbellion had turned to a predominantly literary career—as he very probably would have done—it is precisely his scientific quality which would have given his contribution its chief value.

In the present volume, written with an eye to publication, there are reminiscences, rather deliberately worked up, jottings on his day-to-day condition, a few notes on literary matters, and some disconnected comments on things in general. We find a true pathos in the whole effort, particularly in the little explosions of egotism, with their unconvincing bravado. It is easy to feel affection for the Barbellion who wrote these pages—as far from serenity as we are ourselves, and persuading himself that he is now reconciled to death, that the world is a painted show to him. And how eagerly he would have read this, or any other, criticism of his book!

J. W. N. S.

## DOSTOEVSKY

DOSTOEVSKY AND HIS CREATION: A PSYCHO-CRITICAL STUDY.  
By Janko Lavrin. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

**M**R. LAVRIN has achieved at least a partial success. We find his treatment rather too dry and too compact; he is fond of pigeon-holing and he neglects subtleties; but he convinces us that the bones of his skeleton are rightly articulated. In his chapter on Dostoevsky as an artist, Mr. Lavrin gives us a typical classification: the Actualist and the Realist. We find the distinction very confusing; the passage through the "concrete reality" to its "mysterious and transcendental kernel" conveys very little to us. It would be incorrect to say that it conveys nothing; such phrases have a surface plausibility. Even the "two main paths" of creation, the "horizontal" and the "vertical," suggest something we vaguely apprehend. But lazy metaphors of this kind have no place in critical writing. Mr. Lavrin's phrases undoubtedly mean something, and something important; it is his business to make their meaning clear, and not to tempt us to the much easier task of showing that they mean nothing. This tendency to over-simplification becomes almost a vice in Mr. Lavrin, and turns what might have been a finished work into a mere first sketch. For, as we have said, we find Mr. Lavrin's ground plan convincing.

We think it is true, for instance, that Dostoevsky was chiefly concerned with the question whether there was an absolute basis for morality, although, put in that way, we find the statement almost ludicrously bare. We think it also true that modern psychology has illuminated certain things which were before obscure in Dostoevsky's work; that Dostoevsky was, in fact, extraordinarily expert at tracing the borderland between the conscious and the unconscious mind. And it is only fair to state that Mr. Lavrin emphasizes the fact that the important thing in Dostoevsky is not this dark and profound knowledge he possessed, but the use he made of it. But we are not quite satisfied with Mr. Lavrin's explanation that he used it to construct a number of psychological types: God-strugglers, Cosmic Nihilists, Mutineers. There is much truth in this oddly named classification; the great characters of Dostoevsky can be grouped under these headings, but we think it gives too detached and impersonal an air to Dostoevsky's achievement. Dostoevsky was, all the time, writing about something supremely vital to himself; and even if there are pure God-strugglers in the world, Dostoevsky explored their struggles only because they were pertinent to his own. Mr. Lavrin sees this, but does not, we think, realize its immense importance for the understanding of Dostoevsky's work. In symbolizing and dramatizing his own perplexities he also succeeded, apparently, in faithfully describing what are now known to be abnormal psychological types. This is interesting, because it testifies to the immense psychological range of Dostoevsky himself, and the extreme delicacy and accuracy of his introspection.

In his discussion of points like these, and also in his insistence on the "split" in Dostoevsky's own consciousness, Mr. Lavrin is illuminating. We ought not, perhaps, to complain that the Dostoevsky whose books we know seems an enormously bigger figure than the subject of Mr. Lavrin's sketch. Every study of so huge and strange a writer must be a partial study, for we doubt if there is any man who can explore all the depths of this profoundest of writers. It is difficult for his critics to escape the charge of superficiality, and Mr. Lavrin has not quite succeeded. But he has produced a useful and interesting book, one which genuinely lights up certain aspects of his subject.

## FRIENDS AND FOES

PERSONAL ASPECTS OF JANE AUSTEN. By M. Austen-Leigh.  
(Murray. 9s. net.)

**I**T seems almost unkind to criticize a little book which has thrown on bonnet and shawl and tripped across the fields of criticism at so round a pace to defend its dear Jane Austen. But even with the undesirable evidence before us of the stupidity, nay, the downright wickedness of certain reviewers, we cannot help doubting the need for such a journey. True, Jane Austen exists in the imagination as a writer who has remained wonderfully remote and apart and free from the flying burrs of this work-a-day world, and it does come as a surprise to learn that so-called friends of hers have said these dreadful things. But, begging Miss Austen-Leigh's pardon—who cares? Can we picture Jane Austen caring—except in a delightfully wicked way which we are sure the author of this book would not allow—that people said she was no lady, was not fond of children, hated animals, did not care a pin for the poor, could not have written about foreign parts if she had tried, had no idea how a fox was killed, but rather thought it ran up a tree and hissed at the hound at the last—was, in short, cold, coarse, practically illiterate and without morality? Mightn't her reply have been, "Ah, but what about my novels?" Though the answer would seem to us more than sufficient, it would not satisfy Miss Austen-Leigh. Her book is proof to the contrary. Each of these charges can be met—and they are met, though, to be quite candid, it is somewhat quaintly, at times. Take, for instance, the "baseless accusation that she always turned away from whatever was sad." It cannot, says Miss Austen-Leigh, be allowed to pass unnoticed. And she cites a family letter written by Mr. Austen on the occasion of a young friend's having been invited to their house to have her attack of measles there: "She wanted a great deal of nursing, and a great deal of good nursing she had," the nurses being Jane, her sister Cassandra and their friend Martha Lloyd. Well, that may go to prove that Jane was willing to face an unpleasant ordeal and to play her part, but we should not like our belief in her tenderness to depend on it. Does it not sound just a little grim? Might not a timid mind picture patient and pillows being shaken together; and, as to escaping one's medicine, Cassandra and Martha to hold one down, and Jane to administer something awfully black in a spoon . . . ?

Then, again, someone having said that sermons were wearisome to her, Miss Austen-Leigh contradicts him triumphantly with Jane Austen's own words, "I am very fond of Sherlock's Sermons, and prefer them to almost any." But stare at that sentence as we may, we cannot see an enthusiasm for sermons shining through it. It sounds indeed as though Sherlock's Sermons were a special kind of biscuit—clerical Bath Olivers—oval and crisp and dry. And while we are on the subject of religion we would mention Miss Austen-Leigh's theory of the novels. It is, we think, quite a new one:

Every one of them gives a description, closely interwoven with the story and concerned with its principal characters, of error committed, conviction following, and improvement effected, all of which may be summed up in the word "Repentance."

What could be simpler! Yet we had never thought of it before.

But to return for a moment to the foes of Jane Austen. In the majority of cases they are routed in the completest fashion. No one, after reading of her paternal descent from the county family of Kentish Austens or of her maternal descent from the Leighs—a notable ancestor being Thomas Leigh, who in 1558 had the honour of receiving and preceding Queen Elizabeth, "carrying the sceptre before her Grace when she first entered the City

to take up her residence in the Tower"—no one could dare say again that she was not qualified to write of the English gentry. And he would be an obstinate fellow who would persist in describing Jane Austen's disposition as calm, unemotional, passionless, after having read her notes, written at the age of twelve, in an old copy of Oliver Goldsmith's "History of England." These fiery outpourings are the pleasantest reading of all, and we are exceedingly grateful to Miss Austen-Leigh for printing them for us. They do, indeed, revive Jane Austen's own voice; we can separate them from the comment. For the truth is that every true admirer of the novels cherishes the happy thought that he alone—reading between the lines—has become the secret friend of their author.

K. M.

## SOLDIERING IN THE EAST

NILE TO ALEPPO: WITH THE LIGHT-HORSE IN THE MIDDLE EAST. By Hector Dinning, Captain, Australian Army. (Allen & Unwin. 25s. net.)

EVERY Englishman who served in the E.E.F. through the Great War must have in his memory a vivid recollection of the Australian Light-Horse, and of the mounted New Zealanders who were brigaded with them. They bore a very important and prominent part in the advance from the Canal to Gaza in 1916-17, from Gaza to Jerusalem and beyond in 1917-18, and in the wonderful campaign that culminated at Aleppo just before the Armistice. These achievements, enhanced by Australian self-confidence in speech as well as by a picturesqueness of uniform and a certain peculiarity of gait, something between a swagger and a slouch, drew general attention to the Colonials, out of all proportion to their numbers, among civilians in Cairo. They were fine soldiers, sturdy, independent, fearless men of the bush, and admired by all.

But they did receive their due meed of appreciation, such as it was, and Captain Dinning's anxiety that their light should not be hidden under a bushel would apply with greater force if it referred to the E.E.F. as a whole. The fact is that to the great British public, fed for the most part on the sloppiest of journalism, the campaign was regarded in its earlier stages as a negligible picnic—and an Australian picnic at that; in its second phase as an Australian "crusade" against somebody or other whose identity was not quite clear; and in its last phase as a wild joy-ride of Australians and others hardly specified after a flying rabble of brigands. All this is very unjust to the patient British Tommy, who bore the heaviest part on this front as in Flanders. The occasional photographs in the illustrated press nearly always depicted Australians or New Zealanders, on camels or on horses, rather than the footsore English "P.B.I." As Captain Dinning points out, like other competent soldier-writers, the campaign in Sinai and Palestine resembled all other fighting in the rigours and dangers of service, though with differences due to climate and conditions. Popular misapprehension was largely caused by utter ignorance of everything beyond a kindergarten impression of "Bible Lands," still more by an utter lack of imagination. The two battles of Gaza, with 11,000 British casualties, were barely noticed until rumours began to spread, but the very mention of the name "Jerusalem," and the idiotic journalese written round "The New Crusaders," suddenly provided an excuse for headlines in newspapers tired of recording trench-warfare nearer home.

Captain Dinning says nothing of the crossing of Sinai or of the battles of Gaza, in which the Light-Horse played a great part, for all these events were over when he arrived in the East from France only a few weeks

before the Armistice, and he crossed Sinai and Philistia in a train which deposited him at Jerusalem. But he corrects false impressions about Jerusalem, and describes the city as every soldier knew it, as a sordid market for relics, where credulous pilgrims of every branch of Christianity were fleeced by an unscrupulous crowd of astute hucksters. Indeed, he goes further, and asserts that even the charm of the Haram esh-Sherif itself escaped him through the importunity of his guide. One would expect so competent and keen an observer to dispense with such a tout as the professional guide is in Jerusalem, and to visit the beautiful Haram esh-Sherif in the silent company of Baedeker, or, if he prefers it, of Dean Stanley.

It is in his criticism of English manners that he shows himself a Colonial. He says hardly anything of the British Tommy—whom he may despise for his subservience, or admire for his stolidity—and he is keenly appreciative of English home-life. But he has gauged perfectly the mental attitude of the English subaltern who sleeps or reads a magazine while crossing the Alps by train, of the brigadier on ship-board who buries himself in a novel all day lest he should have to mix with the herd, of the Anglo-Egyptians in Gezira with their icy reserve, of the boy-pilots of the Air Force with their amazing and fatuous slang, and—most illuminating of all—the complete indifference of the average British officer to the interest and picturesqueness of the strange places into which the fortunes of war bring him.

For he himself is least a Colonial in the maturity and keenness of his powers of observation. The average Australian, as one knew him in Cairo or in the field, was not afflicted with that superciliousness which prevented many youthful English lieutenants from caring for anything save cigarettes (and those always English rather than Egyptian), but he paid little attention to old buildings, and still less to the atmospheric effects that constitute the most subtle beauty of Egypt. He was chiefly concerned with the elementary aspects of daily life in the East—food, dress, and agricultural methods—and he thoroughly appreciated the curious humour, so difficult to explain to anybody outside the E.E.F., caused by the juxtaposition of the British or Australian soldier and the Egyptian peasant.

Captain Dinning, on the other hand, is a born observer. He misses nothing that comes his way, and he goes out of his way in a search for local colour. Whether he is describing an Italian girl eating macaroni, or the moonlight over Cairo, or the taste of toffee at Damascus, or the smell of baths at Aleppo, or the hideous monotony of camp-life in the desert, he always contrives to see what is worth seeing and to record it vividly, sometimes in the slangy style of his diary, sometimes in the finished manner of his later chapters. Occasionally his judgments are open to criticism, as when he finds the old streets of Damascus more picturesque than those of Cairo, but on the whole he gives us an extraordinarily accurate picture of Egypt and Syria as the best type of soldier-traveller knew them during the war. Sometimes he is amusing, as in his life-like account of an evening at the native theatre in Cairo; sometimes horrible, as in his description of the bombing at Nablus; sometimes enlightening to the uninitiated, as in his descriptions of the Hedjaz soldiers and of "the war in Cairo"; but invariably shows sympathy for the soldier's lot. He records, on the slightest pretext, all his views on sexual questions that are usually ignored in such books, and he notes the greatest drawback of "leave" in the East, the lack of any decent feminine society or of any access to a decent English home. In this very penetrating study of soldiering in the E.E.F. he is seconded by the beautiful drawings of Mr. James McBey.

## TWO NOVELS

BACK TO LIFE. By Sir Philip Gibbs. (Heinemann. 9s. net.)  
THE VALLEY OF INDECISION. By Major Christopher Stone.  
(Collins. 9s. net.)

**I**N his novel, "Back to Life," Sir Philip Gibbs has attempted to bring home to a callous, indifferent audience the horrors of war. It is not a work of art; we do not imagine, for one moment, that the author intended it to be; but, in spite of his sincerity, it is not a convincing document either. The reason is precisely that he has chosen to appeal to a particular audience rather than an ideal one. For whatever we may say or think or feel about the public to-day, it is surely the supreme duty of a writer to act as though he were confident of being understood by it. It is an act of faith; it demands courage; but nothing else will serve. What is it that we ask of our ideal audience? It is imagination. And is not all our writing a profession of belief in the powers of imagination? . . .

But the author of "Back to Life" makes no attempt to call forth those powers; he behaves, indeed, as though they were not. There are people, he would seem to argue, whom neither the bare facts of the war could move, nor a work of art inspired by the war. They are the stones from whom I shall draw blood. It is a desperate task. We do not see why he has attempted it. If they are devoid of imagination he cannot hope to change their hearts; all he can expect to do is to create a momentary feeling by as complete an illusion as possible. Nothing must be allowed, for instance, to speak for itself. The author is certain it would not be heard. Here are these callous, indifferent creatures—how can they be made to see, made to feel? Facts, stern hard facts are not enough, and the truth is too much. . . . The result is, to put it baldly, more dispatches from Sir Philip Gibbs, but with a "strong human interest added." The quick sketch is worked over, filled in; the shadows are pitch blackened, the lights are made dazzling high. Now, when we read of the entry of the British troops into Lille we are allowed to hear the bitter words that were spoken by men who counted the cost. Listen to the hero and his friend, for instance, talking amidst the cheering and the flowers and the kisses.

"*Et tu, Brute?* After all our midnight talks, our laughter at the mockery of the gods, our intellectual slaughter of the staff, our tearing down of all the pompous humbug which has bolstered up this silly old war."

"I know. But to-day we can enjoy the spirit of victory. It's real here. We have liberated all these people."

"We? You mean the young Tommies who lie dead on the other side of the canal? We come in and get all the kudos. Presently the generals will come and say, 'We did it! Regard our glory! Fling down your flowers. . . .' They will not see behind them the legions they sent to slaughter by ghastly blunders, colossal stupidity, invincible pomposity."

This makes us, we confess, hang our heads. Is it necessary to force the note to that extent? The author cannot expect us to believe that men did talk like that—and, above all, at such a moment. When we are moved, when we are carried away, when we feel deeply, we do not talk of the "intellectual slaughter of the staff," above all if we are Englishmen. We are more likely to say:

"Well, old chap, we've got here at last."

"Yes. . . . And it's taken some getting."

"It's been a bad business—a bad business."

The other is the sentimental version; it is "prepared" conversation guaranteed to nourish thin, impoverished feelings. We have no faith in it. Or take as the crowning example of this method the death of the innocent young German girl whom a chivalrous Englishman has married. Her death is caused by the vile cruelty of her English relatives. Hate kills her. But the manner of her dying is thus. There is twilight, and a friend playing the

piano, and her husband sitting on a stool while she lies on the sofa, "her fingers playing with his hair." She speaks.

"Love is so much better than hate. Then why should people go to war?"

"God knows, my dear," said Brand.

. . . I heard Elsa give a big tired sigh and say the word "Peace!"

Charles Fortune played something of Beethoven's now, with grand crashing chords that throbbed through the room as the last glow of the sunset flushed through the windows.

Suddenly Brand stirred and . . . gave a loud agonising cry.

Merciful Powers! who are these creatures who must have Beethoven and the sunset thrown in before they will pity a dying German girl! One thing is certain. The author who writes for them runs a terrible danger. He can only be "true" to his readers at the cost of being false to himself.

"The Valley of Indecision" is another novel which is written within the shadow of the war. It is an extremely skilful study of a young man who returns to life determined that for him, at least, there shall be no forgetting. Whatever the cost, he will keep the vow that he took the night that his father was killed, and that he just escaped death—to live, from henceforward, for Christ. But it is one thing to cry out to God in a moment of exaltation; it is another to confess in your mother's drawing-room, between tea and dinner, that your idea is to give up your possessions and preach the Gospel. Major Stone shrinks from none of the difficulties of such a position. His Peter Burrage is just what we would imagine such an idealist to be; but Peter's worldly mother, Colonel March, General Hayling, are not merely worldly. They do not understand, but we are made to feel why they do not. On the other hand, Peter cannot compromise; he dare not remain in the valley of indecision simply because he is Peter. The conflict between them all is convincing; the account of it is strangely thrilling.

Nevertheless, our sympathies are never wholly engaged. When Mr. Pearson dared Peter to go to a dance and declare himself—to rush from the garden into the ballroom and cry "Woe! woe!" does he mean us to feel that such a proceeding was right? Can he believe that it is any use for us to walk into the future as itinerant friars? We are always left in doubt.

K. M.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE

THE FRINGE OF IMMORTALITY. By Mary E. Monteith. (Murray. 6s. net.)—Miss Monteith has an equipment uncommon among writers upon psychical phenomena. She is by nature a sceptic, and it is perfectly clear that she has never believed in any of the "experiences" which have come her way until the accumulation of evidence has given her no choice. Messages have come to her both by automatic writing and by telepathy, both from the living and the dead; and though these are private, relating to her friends, or friends of her friends whom she did not know, or, at the most, complete strangers who wanted to tell her something, they are interesting and worthy of record in a book on account of the unusual manner of their articulation. She experimented with telepathy, and found that it could be used, imperfectly, however, as "a natural means of communication." In the chapters relating her own experiences she is competent and reserved; but in those in which she writes of "The Language of Angels," and interprets the ecstasies of St. Catherine and St. Theresa in terms of modern spiritualism, she is neither illuminating nor convincing. Her scepticism is addressed only to matters of fact and not to matters of theory; and one can therefore accept her experiences without accepting her interpretation of them. The book provides a good body of data for psychology.

MYTHICAL BARDS AND THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WALLACE. By William Henry Schofield. (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press; London, Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)—This book is a curious mixture. It shows the wide reading and sound learning in mediæval letters which we should expect from the author of "English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer." But it also shows more than mere symptoms of that strange "hariolation" which seems to be endemic in the land of scholarship, and of which even Bakespearism is but a malignant development. Blind Harry's "Wallace" is not a great piece of literature; and nobody—not even the most perfervid of Scots—now regards it as possessing the slightest historical value. But it has in another sense considerable historical interest as being the offspring in the first place, and the nurse for centuries afterwards, of the rather late-born hatred of such Scots for England and passionate patriotism for Scotland; while it is, though not great, fairly interesting and sometimes decidedly spirited literature in itself. It shows in a peculiar way that formal accomplishment which generally distinguishes Middle Scots from contemporary Middle English; and it belongs to a well-known class of "romanced" quasi-history. It is quite possible to treat it (and it has been so treated, if not by the critics whom Professor Schofield chiefly notices, by others) as such a piece of literature and nothing more. As to its author, we have one matter-of-fact and almost if not altogether contemporary notice of him by John Major, and a reference to him among Dunbar's "Dead Makers." That is all we know; and to some, at any rate, seems to be all they need to know. Not so to Professor Schofield. He thinks that the author was not a "poor minstrel"; that he was not "blind"; that he was not necessarily "Harry." And to supply some positive for these negatives he gives us a great deal about "mythical bards" and "fairy" literature generally (there is a good deal of the supernatural in the "Wallace," but as little "fairyness" as possible); builds largely on the queer *amphigouri* also attributed to Dunbar and entitled "The Droichis [Dwarf's] Part in the Play," where the words "I am the Nakit Blind Hary [*sic*]" occur; and dilates still more largely on the habit of postulating blindness for poets. Also our old friend the "Celtic spirit" comes in freely, and one dreams that one is young and reading the Gospel according to Matthew (not the Evangelist). It is all readable enough and often not uninteresting: whether it proves anything must be left to the reader to decide. We will only mention that Professor Schofield thinks it well to remind us that, as the "Wallace" poet cites an almost certainly imaginary authority named "Blair," so the Merlin legends ascribe themselves to one called "Blaise." The method of argument is certainly not unfamiliar; we should be sorry to remind anyone of a certain concomitant of familiarity, but it does not exactly inspire us with confidence.

THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL MAHAN. By Charles Carlisle Taylor. (Murray. 21s. net.)—This is less the story of a man than the story of an idea. The author would persuade us, if he had the gift, that the idea was a great one, comparable with those rare refulgent projections which spring from the mind of a man and mark an epoch in the history of thought. Indeed, lest we forget, Mr. Taylor tells us so in every chapter of this book. What was this conception of the American naval writer? That, from his deep study of history, he had learned there was a relationship between navies and commerce, that control of the sea was, in his own words, "an historic factor which had never been systematically appreciated and expounded." Thus dawned "one of those concrete perceptions which turned inward darkness into light." Until then he had been drifting aimlessly upon the lines of "simple respectability." Followed many writings in which he

explained, with praiseworthy luminosity, his philosophy of Sea Power, his idea that, as nations must keep navies to protect their commerce and destroy that of their enemies in time of war, then that nation is the most secure which possesses a "margin." He was convinced, too, that the way to keep the peace was to prepare for war, and, in the year 1920, Mr. Taylor has heard of nothing to qualify that argument. A younger generation will find it hard to believe, in spite of our biographer's eloquence, that not till Mahan's book, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," did the rulers of the earth learn "actively to realize and appreciate the true significance of the control of the highways of the sea." The real trouble, however, was that they then realized it too clearly for their rivals' comfort. British, American, French, Russian, Japanese, and, of course, German naval authorities all became active. The Kaiser was enthusiastic, and a complete set of Mahan's works was placed on every German warship. They all prepared, but they failed to keep the peace. Since each one could not maintain a "margin" the result was as the prophetic vision of Mahan foretold. Mr. Taylor's admiration is boundless and intense. He quotes with approval a remark that Mahan was "the greatest writer America has produced," he believes Mahan "will live in the memory of the ages"—"nay, rather as long as this globe and its myriad watery highways endure, men shall acclaim the great American naval philosopher."

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND. By Daniel Scott. "Little Guides." (Methuen. 6s. net.)—Many know the Lake District; few are well acquainted with Cumberland and Westmorland. Most of the vast literature of the two counties is concerned with the more popular region, and is rightly omitted from the bibliography here. Mr. Scott's volume is a satisfactory addition to a series which has other purposes than those of the ordinary guide-book. He obviously has a thorough knowledge of the two shires, and is well-informed on industrial, agricultural, and social conditions to-day; but his chief interest is in mediæval and later history. It is historical rather than archæological topography that he gives us. A little more about the ethnology would have been welcome; and, though Mr. Scott is dissatisfied with recent studies of place-names, he might have said more on this topic, and not used words like *wath* and *heaf* without explanation. Scawfell or Scafell and Bowfell are better spellings than Sca Fell and Bow Fell, and do not lay themselves open to the common mispronunciation. Pillar Fell, or simply Pillar, is oftener heard now than Pillar Mountain. Mr. Scott's map and text differ on the spelling of Wastdale and some other names. He does not mention the Woolpack, an aged hostelry on the road from Ravenglass to Kendal, passing the Roman fort at Hardknott. This was for centuries an important highway for wool, which was carried on pack-horses, and several of the narrow, humped pack-horse bridges still cross the streams about here. There is one at a delectable spot with a delectable name—Throstle Garth (not mentioned by Mr. Scott)—in the wild upper reaches of Eskdale. We should have liked also to hear something about the Hanging Walls of Mark Anthony, in the parish of Kirkland.

THE DIARY OF ANANDA RANGA PILLAI. Vol. VII. Edited by H. Dodwell. (Madras, Government Press. Rs. 3.)—A contemporary commentary by a Hindu on events in Southern India between April, 1750, and April, 1751. The complete diary extends from 1736 to 1761. Of no interest to the general reader, for the diarist has the dull mind of a scribe and transmits none of the atmosphere in which he lived. But he may be useful to specialists in the period, since he gives new details about Duplex and the French. The translation is from the Tamil. There is a historical introduction and an index.

## MARGINALIA

ONE comes away from the Kingsway production of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" with a certain sense of doubt and disappointment and sadness. Mr. Playfair's production is not responsible for these emotions; that was pleasant enough, and in the technical, critical sense of that now so fashionable word, "amusing." It was the play itself that saddened; for it was somehow not so funny as it ought to have been or as one had once thought it was. There are admirably comic moments in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," but the staple theme of the play—the burlesque on chivalry and heroic romance—is singularly tedious. For this tediousness Beaumont and Fletcher are not wholly responsible. The skit on romance has inevitably grown stale by reason of its immemorial age and its constant repetition. But the fault is also in part their own private and individual fault. The burlesque in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" is certainly not as well handled as it might be; the play is unnecessarily drawn out and the quixottish situations are too frequently repeated. But this is no place for a detailed criticism of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." Our theme is burlesque in general.

The anti-romantic burlesque is at least as old as romance, and probably coeval with the first beginnings of a kingly and courtly civilization. The pomps of kings, the fiery honour of men-at-arms, the poets' dreams of pure and faithful love, have always found their mockers and disparagers. There is in most of us a sneaking Thersites who loves to scrawl ribald sgraffiti on the base of the statues of the gods, an ape-like being whose delight it is to puddle clear water simply because it is clear, and to unpetal at sight the loveliest flowers. This Thersites is a shameful and disgusting creature whose motive is a base envy and congenital hatred of the greatness and beauty he can never hope to attain or even to understand. We catch the sound of his odious voice in much of the burlesque and satirical literature of the world. But he is not the only author of burlesques and satires. He has more respectable and intelligent partners—the solid earthly man who walks firmly on the ground and feels no need of wings, who respects the gross truth as he sees and comprehends it; and the clever man who is intelligent enough to see that the world is infinitely obscure and complicated, and despises those who take refuge from it in bright home-made universes of their own. Neither of them, bourgeois or intellectual, has any patience with the notions of romance.

Chaucer combines the two strains. There is no touch of Thersites in him. He comments on chivalry and the moral doctrines of the Church with the practical directness of the bourgeois mind, in touch with actual life; but his gentle irony is the irony of a sage who has separated himself from life and is a spectator. In his comments on the Spenserian-Platonic theory of love and women, Donne is the intellectual, impatient of pretences:

Love's not so pure and abstract as they use  
To say who have no mistress but their muse.

Swift is also the intellectual; but a less lovely spirit often inspires him. In Swift, one feels, a suppressed and perverted idealist made his appearance, paradoxically, as a mocking and reviling Thersites. "Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you have no idea how much it altered her appearance for the worse." He enjoys flaying the objects of our worship and idealization in order to show how base and worthless they really are.

But I have strayed some distance from my subject, which is, as I cannot tell myself too often, burlesque in

general. And the ordinary literary burlesque is a satire on a sham romance, a sham idealism, not on the real thing. "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" is, so far as I am aware, the first considerable English dramatic burlesque. Peele's "Old Wives' Tale," it is true, contains passages of parody. But the play as a whole is not burlesque in intention. Indeed, what the precise intention of "The Old Wives' Tale" may be is a question which it is hard to answer. All one can say of it is that it is one of the most enchanting products of Elizabethan literature. The next important dramatic burlesque after "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" is, I suppose, "The Rehearsal." "The Rehearsal" is full of admirable things. Best of all is that splendid soliloquy of Prince Prettyman, as he stands with one boot on and the other boot off, debating, like Almanzor, like Mark Antony, like the great Cid himself, the conflicting claims of love and honour.

It is interesting and curious to note that the passages of Dryden selected by the authors of "The Rehearsal" for special ridicule and parody are precisely those bits of "fine writing" in his plays which a modern reader would normally most admire. Thus, that very beautiful simile from "The Conquest of Granada" which begins:

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress,  
Shrinks up and folds its silken arms to rest,  
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,  
Hears from within the wind sing round its head,

is turned into

As some tall pine which we on Ætna find  
T'have stood the rage of many a boisterous wind,  
Feeling without that flames within do play,  
Which would consume his root and sap away;  
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,  
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies.

The eighteenth century produced a good store of dramatic burlesques. Fielding's "Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great," deserves a mention, not because it is particularly witty or brilliant—it is not—but because, like the "Dunciad," it is extremely systematic. Fielding was evidently at considerable pains to dig up all the worst and silliest lines from the tragedies of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century. The annotations of Scriblerus Secundus furnish us with Fielding's sources, which are in most cases much more extraordinary than his not very amusing parodies. Parody spoils such lines as these, from Lee's "Gloriana":

Jove, with excessive thund'ring tired above,  
Comes down for ease, enjoys a nymph, and then  
Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again,

or these from "Anna Bullen":

With such a furious tempest on his brow,  
As if the world's four winds were pent within  
His blustering carcase.

The last and best of the eighteenth-century burlesques is "The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement," contributed to the *Anti-Jacobin* by Canning, Ellis, and Frere. The Romantic passion has never been better summarized than in the speeches of Casimere, Matilda, and Cecilia. "Soon after that period I went on a visit to a lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection—alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding habit. The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me—my heart moved to hers—as if by magnetic sympathy—we wept, embraced and went home together—she became the mother of my Pantalowsky." The words are a prophetic summary of the lives and works of most of the great Romantics.

AUTOLYCUS.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

DECIDEDLY Mr. Robert W. Chambers is not among those novelists whose work improves with advancing years—a melancholy truth which is forced upon us if we compare "Cardigan" or "Ashes of Empire" with "The Crimson Tide" (Appleton, 8s. 6d. net). In its opening chapters, which describe the assassination of the Russian royal family and afford a glimpse of the amazing "Battalion of Death," he comes near to his old level. But when the scene changes to New York, we find ourselves in a confused and almost suffocating atmosphere of Bolshevik and Anti-Bolshevik propaganda, varied by business and political transactions which have neither lucidity nor interest. The love-story centres in a heroine who prefers platonic friendship to marriage, but reconciles herself finally to the ring.

A new novel by Mr. Anthony Hope, though not quite the event that it was twenty years ago, still arouses agreeable anticipations, and these are not disappointed by "Lucinda" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net). The canvas is small and the theme has no great originality, but it is treated with the delicately humorous grace which has always distinguished this author. On the very morning fixed for her wedding with a bridegroom every way eligible, Lucinda makes a runaway match with an undesirable alien addicted to gambling and other like pursuits. In the analysis of her motives for this step lies the principal interest of the story. She suffers a severe purgatory, but in due course becomes a widow and is married again—not to her original fiancé—with better prospects of happiness.

"Exit Betty," by Grace Livingston Hill (Lippincott, 7s. net), begins in like manner with a wedding interrupted at the last moment. But there the resemblance ceases. Melodrama of the crudest kind and religious sentiment equally crude are blended in a whole which, curiously enough, pleases rather than repels.

The young lady who gives a name to "Jan" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net) labours obviously under the disadvantage—very usual with novel heroines—of meaning something to her creator, Miss M. Morgan Gibbon, which has not been conveyed to the reader. To him her irritating qualities are more apparent than her charm, and he has to take on trust the devotion which she inspires in many persons of both sexes. The descriptions of Welsh middle-class life are vivid and sympathetic, and impress us as drawn from actual fact. In a minor degree the same criticism applies to the much slighter school and college scenes.

Miss Norma Lorimer is at her best in the first half of "A Mender of Images" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net). Sicily, with its sunshine and flowers, its Greek memorials, its beautiful youths and maidens, makes an ideal background for a graceful romance which is scarcely more than indicated. Yet the author shows an acute appreciation of the evils rampant in her paradise, the grinding poverty, the premature old age, the ill-treatment of women and animals. The further development of the story is less happy, and unnecessarily protracted in a fashion which suggests the commercial taint of bookmaking.

"The Hill of the Crows," by Frederick Sleath (Jenkins, 7s. 6d. net), contains much good material, not employed to the best advantage. We have first an exhaustive study of a Scotch seaside town, its social, business and scholastic activities. Then comes the outbreaking of industrial conflict, waged with great bitterness, but resulting in victory for Labour. We next follow the youthful hero's adventures as mess-steward, under sufficiently pleasant conditions, on board a small merchant vessel. With this career he contrives to combine that of dealer in contraband articles, and presently emerges as a full-blown smuggler; in which capacity, with Mr. Sleath's blessing apparently, he restores the crumbling fortunes of his house. There are many arresting passages, and some curious studies of character; but the general effect is marred by lack of concentration and arrangement.

Mr. J. Hadland-Davis's collection of short *contes*, "The Peony of Pao-Yu" (Madras, Theosophical Publishing House, 5s. 6d. net), is divided into "Humorous and Fantastic," "Japanese," "Chinese," and "Austrian." They are about death, the other world, spirits, bereavement and kindred subjects, and they are treated sentimentally. Mr. Davis evidently knows Japan and China well, and the local colour is, we should say, carefully rendered. For the rest, the style is amateurish, and the humour, when it is attempted, crude.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

In the *British Review* for September, 1820, there is a paper dealing, for the most part eulogistically, with Wordsworth's series of sonnets, "The River Duddon," and other poems. The critic says:

The present æra may fairly claim the credit of having originated that sentimental manner of describing particular landscapes which carries the picturesque into the heart. . . . To Mr. Wordsworth we do really think the praise of this new style of local poetry eminently belongs. We hardly know where to look for a greater abundance of those vivid displays which exhibit the points of contact between our own interior constitution and the objects of external nature which surround us. . . .

Only grudgingly appreciative is a reviewer in the *Literary Gazette* dated October 7, 1820:

Our readers are aware that we have not the felicity to be devoted worshippers at the shrine of that sect, among whom Mr. Wordsworth is so distinguished an apostle. It is our melancholy fate to be but temperate admirers of what has been called the Lake School; while at the same time we acknowledge most of their principles to square with the true and general gospel of poetry. . . . But we . . . never can be persuaded to relish as grand what is mean; as natural what is affected, and as exquisitely simple what is ludicrously puerile.

The writer of an "Impromptu" in the *Morning Chronicle* of November 14, 1820, is less polite:

On hearing that Mr. Wordsworth had written fifty sonnets on the River Duddon. "To each his sufferings."—Gray.  
Heaps of dead Trojans were Scamander's bane;  
Dead dogs, dead cats, and dung-boats share the Seine;  
A thousand shores and jakes the Thames defile,  
And gradual mud is working woe to Nile;  
Yet harder Duddon's fate—his hapless stream  
Of fifty strains by Wordsworth is the theme!

An interesting account of Hazlitt's "Lectures chiefly on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," which were delivered at the Surrey Institution, appears in the *Monthly Review* for September 1820. We give a short excerpt:

Three distinct works of Mr. Hazlitt were recently noticed by us with applause . . . ; and this fourth set of lectures will not derogate from his reputation, nor disappoint the confidence of his many admirers. . . . Solidity, indeed, is neither his element nor his object. Preferring eloquence to argument, discrimination to judgment, effervescence to compactness, and sparkling to repose, he is rather intent on displaying than on appreciating his characters and their productions. . . .

Incidentally the critic refers to a "suspicion" previously "thrown out," that

Christopher Marlowe is but a borrowed designation of the great Shakspeare, who disappears from all biographical research just at the moment when Marlowe first comes on the stage; and who reappears in his proper name in 1592, when a strange story was put in circulation that Marlowe had been recently assassinated with his own sword, which may be allegorically true.

The "suspicion," or suggestion, was at first thus conveyed (*Monthly Review*, vol. lxxix., 1819, p. 362):

Can Christopher Marlowe have been a *nom de guerre* assumed for a time by Shakspeare? . . . during the five years of the nominal existence of Marlowe, Shakspeare did not produce a single play . . . from the moment of Marlowe's nominal decease, he produced at least two annually.

An article in the Appendix to the ninety-second volume of the same *Review* relates to Madame de Graigny's account (1820) of the private life of Voltaire at Cirey. Madame de Graigny, whose letters are addressed to the Chevalier de Boufflers, pursues the poet "into his separate retreat, paints him in his bed-gown and slippers, and still aggrandizes him in the reader's eye by the detail of his quick politeness, his affectionate sensibility, his warm generosity, and his ready and incessant wit."

Fifty "hitherto inedited" letters of Voltaire are included in the book. Of Voltaire's letters the reviewer says that they are

truly unaffected: for he never makes phrases, but speaks from the soul with the first words that come, and thus is enabled to act so strongly on the sympathy. His letters have powerfully tended to propagate his opinions, and to inspire that free-thinking spirit which distinguishes his philosophy from the calmer and more comprehensive liberalism of a Gibbon or a Wieland.

## LITERARY GOSSIP

LAST week our correspondence columns contained an interesting French view of Thomas Hardy. On the same day there appeared in *El Sol*, the principal daily newspaper of Madrid, a Spanish view by the distinguished critic Angel Guerra. Our French correspondent was, if anything, too penetrating in her criticism; it passed clean through Mr. Hardy's work without striking anything solid. But the Spaniard can sympathize with the novelist's attitude towards Tess and Jude, and finds it both intelligible and convincing. He is unable to make fine points, for he is addressing a public less familiar with Mr. Hardy than are English readers; but he contends, and supports his contention, that Hardy has more of fire of true genius than most of his European contemporaries. The sweep of his vision is enormous, complex, all-embracing, "de añadidura." He is a man who has understood.

Above all (he says in conclusion) Hardy's work has nothing of the English preacher or moralist about it; he is not "un moralizador a la inglesa." The remark is of interest because every Spanish critic of English letters, and most foreigners (even "Xenius," and Mr. Madariaga in the suggestive essay on Wordsworth in his new book), find that most English poets and novelists are interested not in beauty, but in ethics. They strive to be angels—not "ineffectual angels" like Shelley.

We cannot refrain from quoting an anecdote given in the *Bookman's Journal* for November 26. The "victor-victim," to borrow a phrase from Shirley, is Mr. Hardy. "A local barber, not the original of Percomb in 'The Woodlanders,' while applying his scissors to my hair, seemed to consider the distinguished novelist sadly overrated. 'Such a quiet little man,' said he, 'You'd never know it was Thomas Hardy. Such an old overcoat and such a baggy umbrella! Never read his books, and never want to. Americans seem to think a lot of him. One came in here not long ago. Says he: 'Seen Thomas Hardy?' 'Oh, yes,' says I. 'He sat in the chair you're sitting in.' 'In this chair?' shouts the American, no end excited. 'Yes,' I says, 'I cut Mr. Hardy's hair.' 'Did you keep the hair you cut off?' 'No,' says I. 'Well, that's a pity,' replies the Yankee, 'because I'd have bought it!'"

In the *New Republic* of November 17 appears an announcement which will interest admirers of Mr. Eugene Debs, the famous American Socialist, now imprisoned in Atlanta Penitentiary. A volume containing poems by the chief American poets—such men as James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field—and letters on the Debs case from Wells, Shaw, Barbusse and other great writers, has now been prepared; and to assist the advertising fund a limited edition of 500 super-copies will be offered. This number is as many as the authorities will permit Debs to autograph; the price is \$5. The announcement is signed "Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California."

Opposite the paragraph concerning Debs is an advertisement of the New York branch of the Oxford Press, containing a problem which some of our readers may perhaps be able to solve. "English Madrigal Verse" is sold here at 12s. 6d. net. In the advertisement mentioned it is priced at \$6.25 net, or roughly £1 15s. This is our problem.

The December *Fortnightly* includes two articles on forgotten Restoration poets. Mr. Drinkwater introduces John Collop, a doctor, and author of "Poesis Rediviva," 1656. The quotations justify the resurrection, though Collop is one of those poets who depend for their charm largely upon the characteristics of their age. The other unknown is "Ephelia," whose actual name was Joan Philips. This lady produced in 1679 "Female Poems on Several Occasions." Her manner is downright and unsophisticated:

If sin can in such pleasure dwell  
Or such can be the Gates of Hell,  
What Flesh can hold from entering in?  
Heavens forgive so sweet a sin!

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THERE are occasions when even a bibliographer feels cheerful. The catalogue of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's sale of December 1 is before us, and while such entries as the Dickens and Thackeray first editions, the Surtees, Combe, and Apperley first editions, and even the 1671 "Paradise Regain'd" strike no spark of pleasure, yet others of less fame do. We warmed to our work as we read of a "Grand Coronation Procession, Q. Victoria, June 28, 1838, col. panorama, 57 feet long"; then someone's "Collection of Dismal Songs" agreed with us; "Dens of London Exposed" and "History of British Reptiles" soon followed; "The Earthquake at Lima" and "Wild Sports of the World," two "Short Views of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage," "Watched by the Dead" and Blair's "Grave"—

All these and more came flocking.

It was only when we came to the second inclusion of the "Comic History of England" that we resumed our wonted melancholy.

It is not precisely Sir Walter Scott's season; but in the 238th catalogue of Messrs. William Brown, of Edinburgh, his admirers will find something to interest them. Six autograph letters are for sale, three certainly unpublished, the prices ranging from £25 to £5 5s. The extracts given afford a comment on the changes of fashion; one brackets Akenside with Burns, the other runs, "My father and mother, healthy people while residing high above the Anchor Close in the High Street, lost six children successively." R. L. Stevenson occupies a good deal of this catalogue; much of the material offered is unpublished, including a poem of 15 lines "in the author's best vein" (£35). Messrs. Brown deserve our thanks for the liberality of their quotations; they give us in full a new lyric by Meredith and a letter from Lamb to Godwin: "Dear Godwin, I cannot imagine how you, who never in your writings have expressed yourself disrespectfully of any one, but your Maker, can have given offence to Rickman . . ."

We cannot imagine who nowadays will invest £25 in the 144 volumes known as "Valpy's Classics," even with the attraction of a vellum binding; but whoever acquires this bargain from Messrs. Thorp at Guildford, let him recall the fact that the editor of, and contributor of all the original matter in, these volumes was George Dyer, and let him re-read Lamb's "Oxford in the Vacation" and "Amicus Redivivus" in pious gratitude. Messrs. Thorp's catalogue, No. 334, includes "a good cheap working copy" of "Purchas his Pilgrimes" with "Purchas his Pilgrimage"—also at £25. Moving higher up the social scale of bibliopoly, we could acquire (if we had £60) either Blake's "Illustrations of the Book of Job," 1825, or Dickens' "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" in the 19/20 parts as issued, 1836-37. Descending again to less magnificent company, we cannot but admire John Baptista Porta's "Natural Magic in Twenty Books," 1658, priced 30s. One book treats, for example, "of Counterfeiting Gold," another "of Increasing Household-Stuff," a third "of Artificial Fires"—all very useful arts nowadays.

There are many Defoe items at modest prices in the 63rd list of Mr. H. G. Commin (Bournemouth). We have yet to come across a thoroughpaced Defoe collector; but such there must be in this world, with the 254 main works and every conceivable incidental.

We noticed the other day the appreciation in price of certain Conrad volumes, and since then we have received several inquiries from owners of other volumes who imagine themselves possessors of future gold-mines. There never was, however, a more intricate science than that of book-prices, and to those who possess "The Shadow Line," 1917, or "The Arrow of Gold," 1919, we would point out the prices in Mr. H. E. Gorfin's new catalogue—8s. 6d. the first, and 12s. the second. We hope in a future number to be able to compare the bibliophiles' current valuations of Conrad books. We note that Mr. Gorfin prices the copy of the *English Review* containing the "Daffodil Fields" at 4s. 6d. Among the less modern items are Coleridge's "Watchman" (£3 15s.)—"his 'Watchmans,' 'Conciones ad Populum,' &c. are dreary trash," W. H.—and the private issue of "Sister Helen" (£11 10s.)

## Science

## FRENCH PSYCHOLOGY

LA PSYCHOLOGIE FRANÇAISE CONTEMPORAINE. Par Georges Dwelshauvers, Professeur au Séminaire de Philosophie de Barcelone. (Paris, Alcan. 10fr.)

M. DWELSHAUVERS begins his history of modern French psychology with Maine de Biran (1766-1824). This diarist was really its initiator; with him appeared "la psychologie, telle que nous l'entendons aujourd'hui, fondée sur l'observation intérieure, et aidée par la biologie, la physiologie du système nerveux et la pathologie mentale." He perceived the preponderance which the *vie affective*, or, as we now term it, the unconscious, has in the life of the individual; he surmised, what the psycho-analysts have since proved, its presence in dreams, and he set it in opposition to the *vie active* or *réflexive*—in other words, the conscious. The *vie affective* was, of course, the more fundamental element, and only arrived at consciousness when it was blocked by obstacles outside. Consciousness arose, therefore, according to Biran, not by thought, but by action, by movement, a conception which runs through almost all French psychology since his time. Towards the end of his life he added to his two persons—the *vie affective* and the *vie réflexive*—a third, the *vie divine*, in which the two were mystically reconciled.

Jouffroy and the "école éclectique" which followed Biran adopted his method, and—with a dilution of metaphysics—his conclusions as well. They translated his *vie affective* into *tendances primitives*. These were good in themselves; but if thwarted, they became passions, which being egoistic were consequently bad. Redemption was to be found in the *idées innées* which combated the passions, but which were in accord with the *tendances primitives*, and as it were made the path smooth for them. These somewhat romantic theories were attacked by Comte and later by Ribot. To Comte the *observation interne* was valid only when one wanted to know how the passions behaved; for otherwise the intellect was attempting an impossible feat, to look over its own shoulder. With the *idées innées* he would have nothing to do, and he turned from the insecure metaphysics of the eclectics to the study of biology and of pathology.

The results he obtained were not psychologically important, but he prepared the way for the school of scientific psychology whose chief glory was Ribot. For Ribot, as for the earlier anti-eclectics, the two dominating facts in psychology were a dynamic element (the "activity" of Biran already noticed) and a co-ordinating, organizing power (*équilibre* or *harmonie*). They refused to accept at any time a merely mechanical explanation of the activities of the mind. It followed that for them the personality was a thing in itself, not, as Taine thought, a mere succession of impressions, nor, as others have said, a result of movements in the nervous system. "L'acte synthétique de l'esprit," M. Dwelshauvers says, "anime intérieurement toute la vie psychique." This insistence upon accepting the spirit as something given, as a part of the subject-matter to be studied by the psychologist, is the greatest distinction of French psychology. It dates, as we have seen, from Maine de Biran, or, rather, to go out of the sphere of psychology, from Montaigne and Pascal.

For a psychology like this to go over into philosophy proper was the most natural thing in the world. True psychology and true philosophy cannot be separated absolutely. To study the mind is obviously at the same time to study a theory of knowledge. Thus the *dynamisme* and the *organisation*, affirmed by Comte and Cournot to be aspects of consciousness, were affirmed by Ravaisson

to be attributes of the "acte pur de l'esprit." And they were translated as well into pure metaphysics; as for instance in Tarde's theory of *invention*, and in Bergson's conception of liberty.

M. Dwelshauvers' lucidity, comprehensiveness and probity are consummate. His chapter on the psychological theories of Bergson leaves nothing more to be said on the subject.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF SURGERY IN GREAT BRITAIN: ITS ORGANIZATION AND DEVELOPMENT. By G. Parker, M.D. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)—A student of the history of surgery undertakes an enviable task, for the subject is a wide one and leads him into many fascinating by-paths of sociology and science. Relatively to its intrinsic interest and importance it has been hitherto but little exploited. According to Dr. Parker, who has contrived to give a concise outline of an immense subject in less than 200 pages, English records are richer than those of any other country and will well repay still further research. The history of surgery is essentially international in its scope, and reflects in the ebb and flow of its development the varying fortunes of European civilization; but, for his present purpose, Dr. Parker bases his survey on the four periods into which the purely English part of the subject naturally divides itself—first, the period following the sudden appearance of universities and hospitals in Europe in the twelfth century; second, that due to the Renaissance and the development of the "barber-surgeon" system in the sixteenth century; third, that which followed the revival of hospitals and the beginnings of clinical teaching in the eighteenth century; and, fourth, the present period, introduced by the discovery of anæsthetics and the work of Pasteur and Lister. Dr. Parker stops short before the fourth of these, and so reduces his subject to manageable proportions. Among the many interesting things that emerge from so broad a survey is the realization that surgical progress is to some extent dependent upon the impetus given to it by recurring wars: all through the centuries the demands of war upon surgical science have been more exacting than those of peace.

The only serious defect in Dr. Parker's otherwise excellent work is his very imperfect list of authorities and books of reference; a more chaotic and dateless list we have seldom seen.

## SOCIETIES

ROYAL—Nov. 18.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.

The following papers were read: "On the Absorption and Scattering of Light," by Sir Arthur Schuster; "The Emission of Electrons under the Influence of Chemical Action," by Prof. O. W. Richardson; "Magnetism and Atomic Structure,—I," by Dr. A. E. Oxley; "On the Proximity of Atoms in Gaseous Molecules," and "On the Similarity between Carbon Dioxide and Nitrous Oxide," by Prof. A. O. Rankine; and "Forces in Surface Films: Part I. Theoretical Considerations.—Part II. Experimental Observations and Calculations.—Part III. The Charge on Colloids," by Dr. A. M. Williams.

LINNEAN.—Nov. 18.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Mr. J. Omer-Cooper and Prof. Otto Vernon Darbishire were admitted Fellows.

Prof. E. S. Goodrich read his paper "On a New Type of Teleostean Cartilaginous Pectoral Girdle found in Young Clupeids," illustrating his remarks by drawings on the blackboard. The President and Mr. R. W. Burne added further remarks.

Dr. J. C. Willis followed with his lecture on "Endemic Genera in relation to Others," showing many lantern-slides in elucidation of his remarks. In a paper of 1916 the deduction was made that in general endemic species of small area were not relics, but species in the early stages of spreading, and much evidence has since been brought to show the truth of this. He now proposed to extend this deduction to endemic genera, and to endeavour to show that there is no appreciable difference between a local endemic and an allied genus of wide distribution (of course working always with groups of genera) other than age. A discussion ensued in which the undermentioned took part: Dr. A. B. Rendle, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Tull-Walsh, Dr. R. R. Gates, and Mr. C. C. Lacaita.

ZOOLOGICAL—Nov. 16.—Prof. J. P. Hill, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Secretary read a report on the additions to the menagerie during October.—Mr. F. Martin Duncan exhibited and made remarks upon a series of cinematograph films which he had taken of animals in the Society's gardens.—Mr. J. T. Cunningham exhibited and made remarks upon a specimen of the leech *Trocheta*, recently found in the Society's gardens.

Dr. W. A. Cunningham gave an account of his paper on the "Fauna of the African Lakes, with special reference to Tanganyika." After reference to certain physical and geological features which have a bearing on the subject, the nature of the various animal forms inhabiting the lake was dealt with. Tanganyika was shown to have a very distinctive fauna, in that (1) it includes many more different types than any of the other lakes, (2) an extremely large proportion of them are not found elsewhere, (3) certain forms (notably Gasteropoda) are considered to have a marine-like appearance. The view which regarded the lake as the remains of an old Jurassic sea was considered untenable, since many of the types thought to be marine and primitive belong to essentially freshwater groups and show signs of specialization. The Jurassic hypothesis proves likewise incompatible with recent geological evidence. It was suggested that Tanganyika probably owes its remarkable organisms to a prolonged period of isolation—coupled, perhaps, with the effect of an increased salinity which isolation would involve.

In the absence of the authors, Mr. H. F. Carter's paper on "Descriptions of the Adult, Larval and Pupal Stages of a New Mosquito from Lord Howe Island, South Pacific," and Prof. C. L. Boulenger's paper on "Filarid Worms from Mammalia and Birds in the Society's Gardens, 1914-15," were taken as read.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 3. King's College, 4.—"Eleventh- and Twelfth-Century Sculpture," Prof. P. Dearmer.  
University College, 5.—"Italian History and Literature," Lecture V., Mr. H. E. Goad.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: The Third and Fourth Dumas," Sir Bernard Pares.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Greece after the Peace Settlement," Prof. A. J. Toynbee.  
Royal School of Mines, 5.30.—"The Levelling of Mountains and Plateaus," Dr. J. D. Falconer.  
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—Further Discussion on "The Human Factor in Industry."  
Philological, 8.—"Character of Celtic," Part II., Dr. Josef Baudis.  
University College, 8.—"The Principles of Critical Realism," Lecture V., Prof. G. Dawes Hicks.  
Mon. 6. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Portugal and the European Reconstruction," Prof. G. Young.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Some Philosophical Pre-suppositions of Christianity: The Idea of Creation," Prof. W. R. Matthews.  
University College, 5.30.—"Library Architecture," Prof. A. E. Richardson.  
Aristotelian, 8.—"Variation, Heredity and Consciousness," Prof. W. P. Montague.  
Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"From Baghdad to the Caspian in 1918," Major-General L. C. Dunster-ville.  
Tues. 7. Royal Society of Arts (Colonial Section), 4.30.—"The Trade of Australia during and after the War," Mr. A. H. Ashbolt.  
King's College, 5.30.—"English Historical Sources: Colonial Records," Prof. A. P. Newton.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Development of Philosophy from Descartes to Leibniz" Lecture IX., Prof. H. Wildon Carr.  
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"Some late Celtic Remains from a Mendip Cave," Mr. L. S. Palmer.  
Sociological, 8.15.—"The Mechanism of Consumer-Control," Major Douglas.  
Wed. 8. School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, E.C., 12 noon.—"Africa before 1500," Lecture X., Miss Alice Werner.  
Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"A Retrospect of the Personal Influence of Britons in Russia," Mr. E. A. Brayley Hodggets.  
King's College, 5.15.—"Mediaeval Contributions to Modern Civilization: Economics," Mr. E. R. Adair.  
Library Assistants' Association (National Library for the Blind, 18, Tufton Street, Westminster), 7.30.—Paper by Miss. O. I. Prince.

- Thurs. 9. Royal Society, 4.30.—"Doubly Refracting Structure of Silica Glass," Lord Rayleigh; "The Effect of Asymmetry on Wave-length Determinations," Prof. J. W. Nicholson and Prof. T. R. Merton; "On the Effect of Concentration on the Spectra of Luminous Gases," Prof. Merton; and other Papers.  
Linnean, 5.—"Uganda Biology," Prof. R. Newstead.  
School of Oriental Studies, 5.—"The Ruined Cities of Ceylon," Lecture III., Mr. M. de Z. Wickremasinghe.  
University College, 5.30.—"The Bhagavadgita," Lecture IV., Miss D. J. Stephen.  
Egypt Exploration (Royal Society's Lecture-Room), 8.30.—"The Position of Women in the Ancient Egyptian Priesthood," Dr. A. M. Blackman.  
Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.

## Fine Arts WEST-COUNTRY WARES

OLD BRISTOL POTTERIES. By W. J. Pountney. (Bristol, Arrow-smith. 52s. 6d. net.)

STAFFORDSHIRE has so long been the centre of the pottery trade that one is apt to forget that the industry exists elsewhere, and that other localities were noted for their ceramic productions before the Five Towns had come into being. To judge from the long lists of potters and the numerous potworks which Mr. Pountney has been able to record in his "Old Bristol Potteries," the great West-Country port must have bristled with kilns in the eighteenth century. It is not, however, to be supposed that the whole output of these potteries was worthy of remembrance. Almost every type made elsewhere—delft, saltglazed stoneware, creamware, black basalt, Etruscan ware, artificial and true porcelains, Parian biscuit and so forth—has been manufactured in Bristol at one time or another; but only three of them have any real claims to distinction. The old Bristol delft was as good as anything of its kind made in England; and homely ware as it is, it has artistic qualities to which modern collectors are fain to pay a well-deserved tribute. Its manufacture dates back at least as far as the middle of the seventeenth century; and some of its better makes, such as Joseph Flower's, can hold their own with the contemporary tin-glazed faience of the Continent. The second of our three selections is the true porcelain made by Cookworthy and Champion between the years 1770 and 1781. Cookworthy started the manufacture at Plymouth, but moved it to Bristol after a few years; and this historic venture represents the only serious attempt in England to make a hard-paste porcelain with the natural clay and stone in the manner of the Chinese. The third place is assigned to Powell's stoneware, not on the score of artistic merit, but because the "Bristol stoneware glaze" invented by him in 1835 has been of real industrial value.

To the whole-hearted collector, a man who takes his hobby seriously, this new volume on Bristol pottery will be most welcome. His handbooks hitherto have relied too much on half-proved theories, gossiping extracts from the writings of uncritical contemporaries and the stories of the oldest inhabitant. What was wanted was spadework in its literal sense; and this Mr. Pountney has supplied where it was possible, extracting from the sites of the old potteries the kind of evidence which cannot be gainsaid.

Second only to this field-work in importance are his patient researches in the city archives and the files of old Bristol newspapers, from which he has gleaned many interesting facts concerning the potters and their works, and has been able to correct the errors of former writers. We now know, for instance, that numbers of the "blue dash chargers," those large dishes with attractive tulip designs or uncouth figures of royal personages, were made at the Brislington potworks. To the man in the street this discovery may seem no great matter; but to the

collector it is of prime importance. Again, we can learn to discriminate between the delfts of Flower and Frank; and we now realize to our horror that we were misled in former days in mistaking the twin potters each for the other. Finally we have a good series of "wasters" from the excavations and fragments of broken pots to help us to identify our whole specimens. But even so we must not whoop too loudly. Our difficulties are not at an end; and we must firmly resist the temptation to rush all our delft into the Bristol category. The ware was made at other places by processes practically identical with those of the Avon potters; and a preliminary excavation just made on the site of an old Liverpool pottery comes as a timely warning, for it has produced shards which will disturb the complacency of the too ardent Bristolian.

Another of Mr. Pountney's discoveries, of still more absorbing interest, has put an end to the theorizing about the origin of Worcester porcelain. We have long been acquainted with a few rare figures and sauceboats in an obviously experimental porcelain marked with the word "Bristol"; and a chance allusion to a Bristol factory in one of Dr. Pococke's letters dated 1750 gave us a vague clue to their origin. Mr. Pountney has been able to supply the missing links of the chain and to prove not only that the factory in question was located in Lowdin's glass-works, but that the proprietors were associated with Dr. Wall at Worcester, and actually removed to that city in 1752. Of the later manufacture of true porcelain at Bristol Mr. Pountney has little news to tell, and he wisely refers the reader to Hugh Owen's excellent treatise on the subject.

The delft industry died out under pressure of competition with the more modern types of pottery towards the end of the eighteenth century. Champion's porcelain, never a paying venture, ceased with the sale of the patent rights over the materials in 1781. But ceramic enterprise at Bristol did not fail. The potters diverted their energies into new channels, and, following the lead of Staffordshire, engaged in the manufacture of the newer wares. It cannot be said that their nineteenth-century pottery is very inspiring; but, as a mere *tour de force*, mention may be made of Raby's floral ornaments modelled in full relief in biscuit porcelain. Similar work had been done in Champion's time some sixty years before, and it seems to be a type of decoration specially associated with Bristol.

But the story of all the potters, be they never so obscure, is conscientiously recorded by Mr. Pountney, with a wealth of detail much of which is of purely local interest. It is difficult, for instance, for the outsider to enthuse about the ring given by Anthony Amatt to his wife or on the discovery that this worthy potter married a second time. But even if much of the book is chronicles of small beer, it is still a storehouse of facts which the student of English pottery will find indispensable for his future work. This is specially true of the admirable lists of potters and apprentices set out in the appendix.

The illustrations are on the whole satisfying, though we miss some important examples of delft which would have added distinction to the book; but it was only natural that Mr. Pountney should look for his material near home, especially in times when travelling was difficult. Nor can we always accept Mr. Pountney's criticisms and generalizations. Local sympathies have, no doubt, coloured his estimate of the Bristol decorators, and explain his free use of high-powered adjectives for work of a very commonplace kind. But it is dangerous to suggest easy methods of identifying the work of a particular potter unless the criteria are unquestionable. That a floral spray in the place of the mark on the back of a dish may indicate the work of Flower is plausible enough; but to suggest that three sprays on the rim of a plate (p. 153) have the same significance is carrying the argument

too far. Bristol delft freely imitates Chinese porcelain, and these sprays are a commonplace on the Chinese blue-and-white plates.

But if Mr. Pountney shines more as historian than critic, his book is fortunate in having an admirable foreword from the pen of Mr. Bernard Rackham. It compresses into a few pages a lucid and scholarly review of the whole situation, showing at a glance how much our knowledge has been increased by Mr. Pountney's work and what problems still remain to be solved. Mr. Rackham concludes with the wish, in which we cordially join, that Mr. Pountney will continue his researches, which have already shed a flood of light on the work of the West-Country potters.

## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.—(1) Paintings and Drawings by Pamela Bianco. (2) Paintings by C. Maresco Pearce.

THE TWENTY-ONE GALLERY, ADELPHI, W.C.—Works of the late Edgar Wilson.

THE LITTLE ART ROOMS, 8, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.—Water-colour Paintings by K. M. Morrison.

THE MEDICI SOCIETY, 7, GRAFTON STREET, W.—Enchings by Piranesi.

PAMELA BIANCO is still a little girl in her early 'teens, but since her first exhibition eighteen months ago she has leapt the main periods of European art at a bound and has landed with perfect assurance on her feet in the forefront of modernism. The naïveté of feeling which was so delightful a feature of her variations on the Italian primitives has disappeared, and she is now a very serious young person indeed, who has evidently no intention of returning to the nursery. Were it not for several drawings of guinea-pigs there would be no grounds for guessing the age of the artist from this exhibition, though one would not hesitate for a moment to say that she was possessed of very lively perceptions. For some obscure reason, grown-up artists do not usually draw guinea-pigs, and in the choice of this subject Pamela Bianco relieves us of the fear that she may succumb to a premature dotage like the "precocious baby" of the Bab Ballads. She could not have drawn "Tiddles" so well did she not love him dearly; she is not interested in the creature *qua* guinea-pig, but because he is her guinea-pig. At least I dare to think so, though the elderliness of most of the other drawings and paintings makes me fear I may be saying something in bad taste, for the gate is off the nursery door and perhaps the young artist has a latchkey to the rabbit hutches. Where she will be in another eighteen months or so, when the time for another exhibition comes round, is a perplexing question. She has not yet reached the stage of abstract patterning, but her "Tulips and Candlestick" (13) is not so far away from it, and possibly it is already dawning on her that after a generation or two we shall all have rounded the circle and have come back to Raphael or possibly Van Eyck. However, there are new things yet in heaven and earth, and if Pamela Bianco takes another bound like the last she will be so outrageously in advance of the times that no one will know what to make of her.

Mr. Maresco Pearce is a delightful painter of street-scenes who often reminds one of Pissarro, but he is more addicted to bright colour than the Frenchman, and his compositions, in spite of their agreeable sparkle and liveliness, lack something of the atmospheric truth which gave to Pissarro's pictures their coherence and unity. Perhaps Mr. Pearce realized the patchiness of these paintings of London and Paris streets, for the important pictures in the exhibition are all of interiors which present intricate problems of direct and reflected light and of the subtle relationship of variously illuminated spaces. These interiors of Verrey's Restaurant, which are all dated this year (the street-scenes were done six to seven years ago), are a very remarkable series, and they will, I think, give to Mr. Pearce a reputation as one of the foremost English artists of the day. He has learned a good deal from Mr. Sickert as well as from Pissarro, but he has reached a stage where his own individuality counts most. Many painters of café-scenes take as their subject either types of humanity

or details of still-life. In Mr. Pearce's pictures the motive is predominantly the architecture and the decoration of the café as a whole; his groups fall into place as natural incidents which complete a general scheme of sombre, harmonious colour and dignified design.

The late Edgar Wilson, whose collected works are to be seen at the Twenty-One Gallery, was something more than a minor personality of the 'nineties. His cover designs for the *Rambler* and other periodicals, drawn with the finest penmanship and in a manner suggesting the etching-needle, were distinguished by genuine poetic feeling; most of those shown here are delightful. It is not surprising to find that his etchings, which are little known, are extremely delicate and original. His output of plates was confined to two or three sets depicting riverside-scenes in the port of London, and his vision was expressed with so much liveliness and directness that he is sure of regard amongst lovers of etching.

Mr. K. M. Morrison's water-colours at the Little Art Rooms show an assured if not very original talent. He uses his colour with a full and rather sweeping brush, and his favourite subject is masses of foliage bathed in a thin but penetrating light. His work conveys a sense of spaciousness and symmetry, but he is least successful when he attempts to deal with form by a summary arrangement of flat washes, a manner which calls for a greater precision of realization than that to which his more usual method has yet disciplined him.

The Medici Society is showing a fine collection of Piranesi's etchings, which includes a complete set of the famous, but as yet far too little known, *Carceri d'Invenzione*. These fantastic dungeon-scenes should be studied by every modern artist who is interested in expressing relationships of form. Piranesi, master of romantic realism, was a brilliant forerunner of Cubist theory.

**ANGLO-GALLIC COINAGE.** By Lionel M. Hewlett. (Baldwin. 15s.)—It is nearly a century since Ainslie's "Anglo-French Coinage" was published. Since then a vast amount of new material has appeared, mainly scattered through French periodicals, and an up-to-date monograph on the subject has long been a desideratum in English numismatic literature. The coins to which the name "Anglo-Gallic" is given were struck by the English kings in their possessions in France, for which homage was claimed for the French kings. The coins do not belong to the English series, but are French feudal issues, with the exception of those of Henry VI., who was *de facto* King of France. The coinage begins in the reign of Henry II., who through his wife became Duke of Aquitaine, and ends with Henry VI., in whose reign all English territory in France, with the exception of Calais, which was held for a century longer, was lost. Calais was in every way a regular English mint and its coinage was identical with that of the mints in England. It is therefore excluded from Mr. Hewlett's book; he includes, however, the sporadic issue by Henry VIII. at Tournai during the five years he held it. The most extensive coinage is that of Edward III., and his gold coins and those of the Black Prince are among the most beautiful specimens of mediæval coins. It was the custom of the King of England to grant his sons a territory to rule in France with a right of coinage, hence we have the coins of Henry of Lancaster and the Black Prince. John of Gaunt had a grant of coinage from Edward III., but so far none of his coins has been found. The title "King of France" was first taken by Edward III., and remained on the English coinage long after the loss of Calais. It was not till 1801, when the King's title was altered as a result of the Act of Union, that the title "King of France" disappeared with the arms of France from the coinage of the realm. Now the only numismatic reminder that the King of England once claimed this title is a note of the Bank of Scotland.

Mr. Hewlett's book will rank as one of the most scholarly contributions yet made to the study of English coinage.

## Music

### "THE PLANETS"

MR. GUSTAV HOLST is one of the most adventurous musicians of his time, and his orchestral suite, "The Planets," though not of equal value throughout, is a work of real importance, frequently searching in conception, and unflinchingly brilliant in execution. It is not, for the most part, what is known as "programme-music," nor is it in any sense a confession of astrological faith. It is simply a suite of seven characteristic pieces, as a clue to whose content the composer has prefixed the names of the seven planets, each with its own supposed influence on human affairs: Mars (the bringer of War), Venus (the bringer of Peace), Mercury (the Winged Messenger), Jupiter (the bringer of Jollity), Saturn (the bringer of Old Age), Uranus (the Magician), Neptune (the Mystic).

We began by saying that the work is not of equal value throughout, and we have to justify that remark. First and most obvious, there is "Mercury." Here, more than anywhere else in the series, Mr. Holst approaches the domain of programme-music pure and simple. It is not easy to suggest an alternative treatment of the subject, for it is essentially pictorial in idea. Mercury is a mere activity, whose character is not defined; we know nothing of him except the swiftness of his movement. And it is not worth while putting that into music, because (given a technique like Mr. Holst's) it is too easy. It is a problem that is possibly worth a painter's while to solve, for it is a challenge to him to overcome the limitations of his medium. But for music, movement is the very manner of existence; to ask music to illustrate mobility is to ask it to do that which it cannot help doing. The question is merely one of more or less successful illustration, and though Mr. Holst's hand is sure and his touch light, "Mercury" is not on the same level as some of its fellows. Nor, we think, is "Uranus." It is an exciting piece of work, somewhat in the vein of "L'Apprenti Sorcier," and coming from any other pen, it would compel admiration as a piece of virtuosity; but with Mr. Holst one takes that for granted, and as soon as one finds oneself doing otherwise, one can be sure that for the moment he is not at his best. There are many kinds of magic, and the rollicking, rough-and-tumble kind is not the only kind that music can express; indeed, it is precisely because "Uranus" is so much less magical than, say, "Venus" and "Saturn" that we find it superficial by comparison. In another context we could take it simply for what it is, and enjoy it; in its present company it seems to lack distinction.

"Neptune" is such a strange composition that we are not inclined to commit ourselves to judgment on a single hearing. The ending (it is the last of the series) is extremely impressive, for in truth it never does end. A chorus of female voices behind the scene repeats a phrase of music as it gradually recedes, until the sound of it is finally lost in the distance. The device, of course, is borrowed from the theatre, and some may question its legitimacy; but there is no doubt of its effectiveness. The whole piece is nebular in the extreme; it suggests a world in process of dissolution, transforming before our very eyes into a wrack of cosmic vapour. Indeed, we are not altogether convinced that the composer has kept clear of the old confusion between mistiness and mysticism. Music has known other mystics, and the most mystical of them all is Palestrina. And it is significant that at the moment when Palestrina's thought is most remote, his structural outline is invariably most exact. "Veni, Sponsa Christi," for example, most mystical of motets, is not so much thematical as mathematical in its formal severity. The mysticism of Mr. Holst,

of course, is not that of Palestrina, but the latter's correlation of form and content is of permanent value, and is the key to the solution of many an artistic problem. For the moment, one is inclined to wonder whether the composer of "Neptune" might not have achieved his end more surely by a totally different method from the one he adopted.

"Jupiter" and "Venus" are both true to their title, and both, in their very different ways, are fine music. Other critics have pointed out a passage in the former where the style is hardly consistent with the rest of the work. The criticism is just, and we suspect the reason is that Mr. Holst, not primarily a melodist, has here tried to think melodically. All his most characteristic work suggests that with him the germ of a composition is some rhythmic or harmonic figure, which eventually suggests a melody of its own. Cannot a man work as he pleases? the composer may ask; if a melody comes into my head, can I not use it? and the answer can only be, Not if it creates a flaw in the workmanship. One has often to eliminate that which at first sight seems most serviceable. And the blemish here is undoubted, though its extent is fortunately definite and limited. In "Mars" Mr. Holst has given us of his best and truest. Here are no heroics, no illusions, merely a swift and drastic summarization of what war really means. Not of its externals; it is not the sights and sounds of war of which Mr. Holst has to tell us, but of that in man which makes war possible. All that is sinister and bloody and insatiable in the human heart seems to have found its way into this music; that is what makes it so disturbing. It does not attempt to recall to us the reek of blood and the stench of decomposing entrails; and yet it does recall these things, because it sees so deeply and clearly into the spirit of which they are a manifestation.

"Saturn" is also disturbing, in a different way. That dithering oscillation of the flutes and harps, that groping, fumbling entry of the basses—how uncomfortably suggestive it is! So much so, indeed, that quite a number of old ladies in our neighbourhood were seen to rise from their seat, stagger for an instant, and then feel their way, feebly but with evident determination, towards the exit. They had not come to hear this kind of thing; it is not music, it is not playing fair. We sympathized with them, but they had better have waited, for they would have learnt that age has its compensations, and that tranquillity of mind comes in the end to console them for the diminished intensity of their existence. There is much more than pictorial suggestiveness in "Saturn"; it is a searching piece of musical philosophy, the subtlest of all the seven, just as "Mars" is the most fearless, and "Venus," appropriately enough, the most beautiful.

An unusually large orchestra is employed for the presentation of these ideas: wood-wind *à quatre* throughout, with bass-flute and bass-oboe; six horns, four trumpets, two tubas, and accessories in proportion. Mr. Holst handles this imposing array with perfect coolness and assurance; his sense of tonal balance is so unerring that it all seems the easiest and most natural thing in the world. No one else in this country has half his instinct for colour; indeed, as an orchestrator, it is doubtful if he has a living rival to-day. Strauss and Glazunov, possibly; but Glazunov's whole technique is so much more orthodox that the two can scarcely be compared. Glazunov could learn everything from Rimsky-Korsakov; Holst has had to find out everything for himself, for his orchestration is not something imposed from without, but actually a form of musical thought. R. O. M.

**TWELVE GOOD MUSICIANS.** By Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus.D. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)—A well-intentioned little book, of no great critical pretension, containing biographical sketches of some of the great English composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

## CONCERTS

THE Carl Rosa performances at Covent Garden will be enjoyed by those who like opera for its own sake, and are not distracted by the appurtenances. The singers have to bear the full burden, as they should; on them alone it depends whether the opera "gets across." We think that the Carl Rosa company do get it across. They approach their task not as the immortal work of so-and-so which has to be treated in a spirit of reverence, but as something to be made intelligible and interesting to the audience. The result is that their performance of "Tannhäuser," for instance, has more go and more unity of purpose than many others which have been given at Covent Garden at three times the price. Mr. William Boland shows signs of his training in oratorio, but he makes a convincing Tannhäuser. Miss Eva Turner sang well as Elizabeth, while Miss Gladys Seager made a very plausible Venus indeed. She did it so well that we wish M. Massine, or someone, could have arranged her ballet for her.

Miss Jelly d'Aranyi at her recital on November 22 played mainly classical music, Bach's A minor Concerto and Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata being the two principal pieces in her programme. The latter, like so much else that its composer wrote, seems to have aged rather painfully since we last heard it, which is some years ago. Is it our fault, we wonder, or is it Beethoven's? Probably we shall not know for another century or two. Miss d'Aranyi played both works admirably—clear-cut phrasing, perfect intonation, and no false sentiment. In the Concerto she was partnered by Mrs. Hobday, in the Sonata by Mr. John Petrie Dunn, a Scottish pianist unknown to us, whom we heard also as soloist in Brahms' Paganini Variations. This was not a very happy choice; save for one or two "feminine" interludes ostentatiously thrown in for emotional relief, these variations are most monotonous and mechanical. There is only one way to play them—to treat them as a *tour de force* and make them sound very easy. Mr. Dunn played them correctly enough, but he made them sound extremely difficult. Which of course they are.

At the London Chamber Concert Society's concert on November 23, M. Florent Schmitt appeared to give us the first performance of his latest sonata, the violin part being played by M. Defauw. The title of this work, "Sonate Libre . . . en deux parties enchaînées (ad modum clementis aquæ)," suggests an underlying political allusion, and after hearing it, we are driven to conclude that it is a satire of which we missed the point. It gives us half-an-hour or so of such unrelieved dullness that we can hardly believe that its composer intends it to be judged by the ordinary musical criteria. The rest of the programme was in the hands of the Allied Quartet—MM. Defauw, Pecker, Jeremy and Doehaerd—who played Ravel's Quartet (of which, delightful as it is, we begin to tire a little through too frequent repetition) and Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, in which they were joined by Mr. Charles Draper.

At the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert on Nov. 25 Heifetz was the soloist, and Mr. Coates again the conductor. Whether you like Heifetz' playing of Elgar or not is largely a question of temperament. A good deal of the Concerto gave one the impression of having been put in cold storage for some time before performance, and (to tell the truth) we thought it rather improved in the process. Heifetz' playing is, perhaps, a criticism rather than an interpretation; at any rate, on this occasion we liked the good parts of the work more, and the bad parts less, than at any previous hearing. The concert ended with "Till Eulenspiegel" and the "Poème de l'Extase." One of these days somebody ought to undertake a systematic examination of the composers who begin with S. The critic who can tell us in general terms what there is in, say, Sweelinck, Schütz, Scarlatti, Schubert, and Sullivan that will make them outlive Schumann, Strauss, Stravinsky, Scriabin, Scott, Stanford, and Saint-Saëns, is a leader whom we would follow blindly. Meantime, as he does not exist (and is not likely to exist), we shall have to go on cudgelling our own brains—such a tiring form of exercise.

We certainly thought the Sonata heard earlier in the week was the most tedious work we were likely to hear for some time, but Rachmaninoff's 'cello Sonata in G minor beats

it by a short head. It was played by Mr. Craxton and Mr. Salmond at an otherwise attractive concert given by these gentlemen (and also by Miss Gertrude Blomfield and M. Corrado) on November 26. Miss Blomfield had chosen some very good songs to sing, but she hardly did justice either to herself or to them. Mr. Craxton played some Purcell harpsichord pieces edited by himself—a superfluous activity, for a cheap, accessible, and authoritative edition of Purcell's harpsichord works, prepared by Mr. Barclay Squire, is already published by Messrs. J. & W. Chester.

R. O. M.

## Drama

### MR. BOURCHIER'S RETURN

STRAND THEATRE.—"The Storm." By Langdon McCormick.

**M**R. BOURCHIER, having thoroughly relieved himself by his "rag" with the part of the detective in "At the Villa Rose," has gone back to serious acting. The return is welcome. Certainly Burr Winton, the bluff and tender-hearted backwoods hero of "The Storm," is not a very subtle or taxing impersonation, but it requires competent handling—and how competent technically Mr. Bouchier always is! He is more competent still by a long way than his partner Miss Kyrle Bellew, though she comes on steadily as a comedienne. Her Canadian-French heroine is charming all the time, and only inadequate when a big burst of passion is demanded. Adequate is too cold a word for Mr. James Dale's excellent playing as the large-hearted Burr's false friend, the treacherous philanderer, David Stewart, but Mr. Dale is adequate in the sense of making all his points exactly as they ought to be made, not for his own personal prominence, but for the due balance of the play.

There was a great deal of applause after the spectacular scene of the forest-fire, but while recognizing the mechanical ingenuity of it all, we cannot say that it moved us. A clockwork rabbit is an ingenious mechanism, but it creates no illusion. Nor does the sight of a charred bough falling with a crash and beginning to glow with electric bulbs. Still less is the sense of reality heightened by the appearance of Miss Bellew, who is supposed to have stood out the night in the open amid the havoc, without, so far as we could detect, a smut on her face or a singed hair. But perhaps the play—of the most sugar-plum sentimental type—scarcely called for the sacrifice.

D. L. M.

### LITTLE DON QUIXOTE

KINGSWAY THEATRE.—"The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

**A**NURSERY charade is an excellent thing, but a whole evening of it provokes yawns. The fact that its authors are Beaumont and Fletcher gives it no additional sanctity to a generation that has read Shaw on the Elizabethans and Mr. Middleton Murry on "Shakespeare Criticism." It must stand or fall to-day on its merits, not the prestige of its writers, and its merits are simply those of a jolly nursery romp, unduly prolonged. Anybody who can find a gleam of real wit or a shred of true poetry in it should at once advertise his discovery. A number of critics have been saying how much they enjoyed it, but why they enjoyed it they were uncommonly chary of disclosing. For our own part, we can only with difficulty think ourselves back into the state of social consciousness for which "cits," and tradesfolk, and 'prentices were in their nature fit subjects for ridicule, nor do we swallow without repugnance the gibes tossed by the puny children of the Renaissance at the decadence of chivalry, an institution they would have been just as unable to appreciate in its hour of grandeur. It is only a step from "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" to the dreary inanity of "Bombastes Furioso," and later

crude burlesques of mediaevalism. They cannot all take refuge behind the mantle of Don Quixote, and really we sometimes wished during the performance of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" (towards the end of the second part especially) that Mr. Chesterton, fresh from his pilgrimage to Jerusalem and his crusade on behalf of the crusaders, would rise in grandeur from the stalls and impose peace on the players with a flourish of his falchion.

Meanwhile we know why so many people thought they were seeing a good play; it was because they were seeing a good company. Certainly everything that could be done for the piece is done by these zealous collaborators, against whom we have no charge, except a tendency to bawl. Miss Betty Chester, in especial, spoils her spirited impersonation of the Citizen's Wife by a piercing assault upon our eardrums. Luckily the music of Mr. Halliwell Hobbes's voice in the part of the melancholy merchant, Venturewell, provided an emollient; so did Mr. Stanley Newman as the roisterous merchant Merrythought, at any rate when he was singing. Mr. Thomas Weguelin's phlegmatic performance as the Citizen was perhaps the most soothing of all. Mr. Ivan Berlyn, always a finished comedian, shows the makings of a very good Sir Andrew Aguecheek as the luckless suitor Humphrey; Miss Hermione Baddeley skilfully brings off a bit of broad travesty as the distressed child of Merrythought; and Master Roger Livesey entered delightfully into the spirit of the game as the mock Knight's mock-page. In fact, he seemed to us to be more thoroughly at home in the romp than anybody.

D. L. M.

### "YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

GARRICK THEATRE (Matinées only).—"You Never Can Tell."

**A**SMALL piece of sugar," the waiter in "You Never Can Tell" observes to the irritable Mr. Crampton, "removes the flatness of the seltzer without perceptibly sweetening the beverage." That is precisely what a Shaw comedy does for the seltzer of life, especially "You Never Can Tell," of all the Shavian theatre the play in which the author most freely enjoys himself with only the barest side-hits at our improvement. Such a play goes at any time and in any place, provided it is given a tolerable performance, and the present revival at the Garrick is a good deal better than that. Mr. Calvert seems actually to have mellowed and perfected his glorious reading of William the waiter, and we have certainly never seen a better Dolly than Miss Nadine March, though we have, it must be confessed, seen better (and therefore more appropriately) dressed ones. Mr. Francis Lister, a young actor of considerable promise, was quite good as Valentine, only he does not show us the very sharp little claws possessed by that light-hearted butterfly. Lady Tree hardly seemed to get into the skin of Mrs. Clandon. It was not to be expected. She has written a delightful book herself (or at any rate a piece of one), but it has nothing in common with the grimly progressive treatises of Mr. Shaw's advanced Madeira woman. When Lady Tree says to Gloria, "Forgive me, I have no right to ask," she does it with the pathetic intonation of a strayed lamb, not a bit with the iron self-repression exacted from Mrs. Clandon by her dogmatic individualism. Miss Viola Tree's Gloria was a Galatea, and Pygmalion never, it seemed to us, really stirred her into life. Mr. Frederick Victor makes a keenly, lawyer-like Bohun, but if he will glance again at the speech about wisdom and unwisdom in man's affairs, he will see a big point in the last line that he misses. We have left to the end our congratulations to Mr. Leonard Shepherd, whose Crampton was the hit of the afternoon and showed us more of the soul of that unhappy man than any attempt at the part we can remember.

D. L. M.

## Correspondence

## EUGENICS AND DEAN INGE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The opening paragraphs of the last number of THE ATHENÆUM are devoted to eugenics, and take the form of an attack based on lines now so common that a few words may perhaps be admitted in reply to them. The writer holds that Dean Inge's utterances having become popular is all to the good because it implies that "a good many people who have never thought clearly are at any rate attracted by the results of clear thinking. It was therefore with more than our usual misgiving," he continues, "that we read Dean Inge's speech in support of the principle of eugenics. . . . We cannot believe that Dean Inge would agree with the principal eugenists. Frankly, we do not like the type; and they are the last people we would trust to decide for us the nature of a good man."

It may be suggested that the clear thinking so much valued by the writer is not very apparent in his contribution to the problem of eugenics. He objects to the "principle of eugenics" (which he does not define) for reasons which he does not give. He goes on utterly to misrepresent the practical application of "the principle" as desired by the "principal eugenists"—though it is by no means clear that he does not himself fail to distinguish altogether between the principle and its application.

In the fewest possible words "the principle of eugenics" may be set out as follows. Men and women differ innately in their mental and physical characteristics. These characteristics are inherited from their ancestors, except only when they are new developments ("mutations," in technical language), which are of rare occurrence. Unless it is held that all differences are of equal value—a view which can be shown conclusively to be untenable—it follows that certain stocks will be of more value than others. It further follows that if good stocks contribute more than their relative proportion to future generations, the average of the population will improve, and if bad stocks contribute more than their relative proportion, it will deteriorate. It may be remembered that in fact different stocks are now contributing in different proportion to future generations, and that therefore the average is changing. It would assist clear thinking if the writer in THE ATHENÆUM would say to what precisely he objects in the "principle of eugenics." The "principle of eugenics" is based on the fact of inheritance. Does he deny that?

As regards the practical application of eugenics, it is clearly necessary to attempt to ascertain what qualities—mental and physical—are desirable and what are undesirable. Rash and foolish statements on this subject have been made, but most emphatically not by the "principal eugenists." If the writer in THE ATHENÆUM will read the chief contributions to the subject, he will find that this most difficult and intricate problem has been treated in anything but a dogmatic spirit. If it is not ignorance, it is misrepresentation on the part of the writer in THE ATHENÆUM to insinuate that the "principal eugenists" imagine themselves able to pronounce upon the value of all human characteristics. To take a concrete example, the utmost length to which the authors of the most authoritative book on eugenics go is to say that we should regard those stocks, which generation after generation people asylums and are maintained at the public expense, as bad, and that they should be discouraged. They discuss, it is true, the value of many characteristics, but in a tentative spirit; they discuss them because, inasmuch as the average of the population is changing whether we like it or not, it is an urgent matter to ascertain whether it is improving or deteriorating.

Eugenists take their stand upon the fact of inheritance; they hold that a problem of infinite complexity and of the utmost importance arises therefrom, bearing very directly upon all aspects of human welfare; they further hold that temperate and informed discussion is essential for its elucidation. It is to be regretted that discussion which cannot be so characterized should take a prominent place in THE ATHENÆUM.

I am yours faithfully,

A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS.

[If we have misrepresented the point of view of the eugenist in any material aspect, we apologize. We are not convinced that we have by Mr. Carr-Saunders' letter. We think that our objections would be more likely to be met or confirmed by an answer to our question, "Was the Keats family a good stock or not?" than by the renewed assertion that some stocks are more valuable than others.—ED.]

## THOMAS HARDY: A FRENCH VIEW

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your French correspondent Julie Bertrand, in writing of "the Nobel Prize for Fiction" (*sic*) and the above-named author, implies by her analysis of his writings that she is considering Mr. Hardy's novels only, notwithstanding her statement that she "knows practically all the works of Thomas Hardy"—which not improbably means those of them (fiction only) that circulate on the Continent in the Tauchnitz edition—some written nearly fifty years ago, and all written more than twenty-five years ago, as may be seen from the dates in "Who's Who."

But the best English critics—among them yourself, I believe—hold that Mr. Hardy's finest works are not his prose fiction but his eight volumes of verse, which, considering the compression of verse, is intrinsically of larger compass than his prose, and (as the same work of reference shows) has occupied a larger part of his life than his fiction has done. Perhaps Madame Bertrand will state how much of this she has read to disprove the inference that she has read none of it at all.

Your obedient Servant,

L. A.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The French view of Thomas Hardy, in your last issue, is an interesting criticism, but those who know the English countryman will disagree with the statement, "His characters say what he, Hardy, thinks under the circumstances—not what average men and women are expected to say under the same." Hardy writes about types he understands so well that in almost every case the opposite of Mme. Bertrand's view holds good, and although the novels treat on the whole of a bygone England, in remote country districts one can meet even yet with odd characters and circumstances as grim as many described in these books.

In a district I know well, as late as the summer of 1917 the preliminaries of a "Skimmity ride" were arranged (*cf.* "The Mayor of Casterbridge," chap. xxxix). The life-size effigies were hung in trees near the dwellings of the offending couple and in other public places for days, but the procession was prevented by the disappearance of the figures. Ten or twelve years ago such a ride actually took place, finishing with a bonfire and much drunken horseplay and threatening behaviour. In this district there is still a widespread belief in "charms" (for all sorts of ailments and accidents, such as toothache, lumbago, St. Vitus' dance, deafness, dislocations, etc.), and many old-fashioned farmers prefer a "charmer" to a veterinary surgeon when illness attacks their stock.

To-day, while even the cultured section of our society is still trammelled in early-Victorian influences, in such isolated parts the yeoman class, with which many of Hardy's novels are concerned, has made little intellectual progress; the most advanced often being incapable of struggling against ingrained, almost hereditary, principles and prejudices.

To the French, whose ideas, aims and ideals are clear-cut and distinct, the people of these novels, with their hesitations and withdrawals, must seem as foggy and uncertain as the English climate, but in spite of their occasional woodenness, the characters are on the whole true portrayals of country folk who are slowly disappearing.

As pictures of life in a past generation these books are worth much to Hardy's own countrymen. As a guide to the better understanding of the English (who are slow to change and inherit largely from their parents and grandparents) they should prove valuable to other nationalities; and even without considering his poetry, these national and international qualities in his works made Thomas Hardy most fitted to receive one of the Nobel prizes for literature.

I am yours faithfully,

Pontrilas, Herefordshire.

LETTIE COLE.

## DICKENS AND CHANCERY LANE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—If the correspondence is not closed may I be allowed to supplement, by a few lines, Mr. Jacobi's interesting article on this subject?

It may be welcome to your readers—more especially to those having old memoried records of the period—to be reminded of a small and eager figure familiar to those having business in "The Lane" in the middle and later "forties." I refer to the original of poor "Miss Flite" of "Bleak House." My father, one of a third generation of scriveners, was bound apprentice to that trade in 1844, and was fond of repeating his recollections of the distraught little suitor as being, in all points, as the author describes her, with the one addition that she carried, he said, a small cane. Thus armed she would appear at any office where, so far, she had received no rebuff, and, opening the door, would flourish her cane, exclaiming: "They're all found out, they're all found out!" Then, at a word, just barely sympathetic, from her hearers: "Oh, glad to hear it, glad to hear it! Good morning"—she would depart content.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
EDWIN W. THOMSON.

Rothbury, Crowborough.  
November 27, 1920.

## MUSICAL VIRTUOSOS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—A while ago your musical critic remarked that Busoni made a Chopin Nocturne sound like a cornet solo. I don't know if this was intended to be complimentary. Two or three days ago I heard Cortot play the 24 Preludes, and at times his Pleyel sounded remarkably like a brass band. That Cortot has reached the acme of virtuosity cannot be denied for a minute—he can do anything exactly as he likes; but I emphatically protest that he or his like do not give us Chopin. Chopin the sensitive, the fastidious, who ran about the room with his fingers in his ears, crying, "I hear a dog barking," when a pupil "thumped," would go mad had he to sit through one of these performances.

There is one man who plays Chopin as perfectly as is humanly possible, who knows that Chopin is a matter of delicate nuances, and the subtlest variations of attack—in fact, who has devoted his life to playing him, Pachmann.

Would that our virtuosi could leave Chopin to him! Let them brass-band their Liszt. From the way their efforts in this direction are received, I suggest a series of concerts devoted to the performance of Liszt's piano works arranged for a brass band would be highly successful.

Yours, &c.,  
H. C.

November 20, 1920.

## "DESCRIED" IN BEATTIE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In thanking you for your friendly reference to my "1001 Notes on N. E. D." (ATHENÆUM, November 19, p. 696) may I venture to disagree with your interpretation of "descried" in Beattie's line? The stanza in which it occurs is concerned solely with sounds; there is nothing to suggest "mist"; the epithets are all addressed to the ear. As the single line is not decisive, will you allow your readers to judge from the whole passage?

But who the melodies of morn can tell?  
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;  
The lowing herd; the sheep-fold's simple bell;  
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above!

A somewhat similar word is "watch," which usually concerns the eye; but Campbell has "to watch the dying notes," and Thomson says of the hunted hart, after a swim, "the fresh-expanded eye and ear resume their watch."

Yours faithfully,  
GEORGE G. LOANE.

4, Linnell Close, N.W.4

## Foreign Literature

### A MONOGRAPH

CONFESSION DE MINUIT. Par Georges Duhamel. (Paris, Mercure de France. 7fr.)

THIS book belongs to that delightful genre where the field of attention is limited to a single object and the interest is attached to a single thread. It is not a genre which can contain the greatest works of art; there is no room here for an epic or a symphony, but some of the most intensely satisfying compositions, both literary and musical, belong to this very definite and limited order of creation. The artist's task is a known and finite task; we agree that the idea is interesting, and we then watch the performance. The conditions of success are quite obvious; the issue is too clear for genius to perform its favourite trick of redeeming failure in the main intention by creating blazing masterpieces out of the accessories. M. Duhamel has presented himself with a perfectly definite task. He takes a man who is without any definite hold on life, detaches him from the fly-wheel of a daily occupation, and traces what happens to him. If you are a man about thirty, unmarried, your work that of a lower grade of clerk, without ambition, without strong lusts, without intellectual interests, without exceptional qualifications, content to live the outward life of an automation while your inward life consists in vague and puerile dreaming, and, being such a man, you lose your job, what is going to happen to you?

Salavin, M. Duhamel's hero, lost his job in the most natural way in the world. As an insignificant clerk in the great house of Socque Sureau he had seen M. Sureau but twice in five years. And then, one day, he had to take some papers to M. Sureau's room, and, some of the writings being illegible to M. Sureau, Salavin stood close to him, on his left, in order to explain an occasional word. In this position he could not help observing M. Sureau's left ear. It was a large ear, with little hairs growing from it, and irregularly coloured. Although it was M. Sureau's ear, it was nevertheless an ear, as Salavin knew, that had been touched by human hands, even kissed. There was something ungraspable about this thought, and, little by little, Salavin felt moved, himself, to touch this ear:

Pour mille raisons que j'entrevois confusément, il me devenait nécessaire de toucher l'oreille de M. Sureau, de me prouver à moi-même que cette oreille n'était pas une chose interdite, inexistante, imaginaire, que ce n'était que de la chair humaine, comme ma propre oreille.

So, very deliberately, he touches M. Sureau's ear. The effect is, of course, tremendous, and he is instantly dismissed.

Having, in this very able way, stated his problem, M. Duhamel proceeds to solve it. We have the poor little lodgings, shared with the affectionate, gentle mother, the mother who knows him so well, but nevertheless does not understand him. And in Salavin's own room we have the sofa, the sofa on which he stretches himself to dream. But he dreams everywhere; he used to dream at the desk; he dreams always when walking. He often plays the "precipice" game—if he can walk only on the kerb as far as the next lamp-post he will be a success in life; or the test may be whether he can take two steps between every crack in the paving stones. So he wanders about Paris, sometimes, with feverish energy, looking for work. His mother becomes a seamstress, and she and Marguerite, the adjacent lodger, work all day in the little dining-room. Once, when playing the flute, Salavin moved Marguerite to tears; that incident gave rise to some magnificent dreams. But once, when visiting his one friend, he violated that friend's wife in a vivid dream.

His outward life has long been that of a *miserable*, and now his inner refuge begins to fail him. He has never, at any time, been able to control his thoughts; he is not one of those who can say of what they are going to think; but he realizes that he is, nevertheless, responsible for his dreams. It is he who dreams them. He had dreamt of what he would do with his mother's little income if she died; he had planned things out in detail. He had betrayed his friend, not the less surely because he had done nothing. The one thing left to him had been his secret love for Marguerite, but in betraying his friend he had betrayed that also. And as this inner life, puerile and ineffectual as it is, is nevertheless the whole of him, what is he? When his mother hints that he should marry, and marry Marguerite, he realizes the thing he has become. He leaves the house; he will never go back; and he tells this story to a sympathetic gentleman in a café. M. Duhamel signalizes the end and success of his investigation in the last sentence:

Vous, monsieur, qui avez l'air simple et bon, vous qui m'avez laissé parler avec tant de bienveillance, peut-être me direz-vous ce que je dois faire.

This triumphant close is justified.

J. W. N. S.

ESQUISSES VÉNITIENNES. Par Henri de Régner. (Paris, Mercure de France. 5 fr.)—The new edition of this celebrated little book of essays contains several that have not previously appeared. One might call these studies "prose poems" if the common associations of the term did not evoke a shudder. Their prose, at least, is the prose of a poet who is a confirmed Symbolist, and the first of living Symbolist poets.

M. Henri de Régner shows some of the qualities of Pietro Longhi, whom he so greatly admires. He takes the same delight in frivolity, and the same curious interest in masks. He is impressed, above all, with "la douceur et l'amusement de vivre." And, as an observer, he is equally content with appearances, and equally averse to, perhaps even incapable of, searching too deep. From the technical point of view he is, however, the more fully equipped artist. He has steeped himself in Venice, her fevers and her languors. But much as he loves Venice of to-day it is to the Venice of Goldoni that he turns with greatest pleasure. One feels that, following a famous example, he would like to have engraved on his tomb, and would have a good right to do so: "Henri de Régner, Vénitien."

LA PEDAGOGIA STA DA SE? By Mariano Maresca. (Rome, La Voce. 2 lire.)—In this little book Sig. Maresca makes another attempt to establish Pedagogy on an independent basis. Hitherto its independence has rested principally on Herbart's theory that it borrows the conception of its methods from psychology and the conception of its end from ethics. Attempts to make Pedagogy an empirical science of the educative fact result in subordinating it to psychology. On the other hand, subjective idealists like Gentile would absorb Pedagogy in philosophy, since on their view the concept of the formation of man resolves itself into the concept of the formative process of the whole of reality, which is the object of philosophy. Sig. Maresca examines most of the earlier theories of education, such as those of James and Münsterberg; but he is not satisfied with any of them. Pedagogy for him is neither applied activity on a basis of tact and sympathy, nor applied aesthetics, nor applied psychology. Indeed, he sees in psychology merely the grammar of Pedagogy. Being, however, a good twentieth-century Italian, he duly brings Pedagogy under the ægis of philosophy, and refuses to allow the existence of any residuum that can be treated on an empirical and scientific basis. For him it is a part of philosophy that calls for the circulation within it of the whole of philosophy. He would, in fact, call it the Philosophy of Education, or the Methodology of Education.

## MR. CHESTERTON AND DOGMA

G. K. CHESTERTON: SES IDÉES ET SON CARACTÈRE. Par Joseph de Tonquédec. (Paris, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 5fr.)

WE settled down to read this book with amused curiosity. It looked as if, in the imperfect way characteristic of reality, one of our fantastic imaginings was about to come true—for on reading "Orthodoxy" we tried to imagine a review of that work written by St. Thomas Aquinas. M. Tonquédec, without being a St. Thomas, is a pretty logical orthodox Catholic.

But before we proceed to follow M. Tonquédec's exposition of Mr. Chesterton's intellectual peculiarities, we must make a general objection to his book. It is that he has got Mr. Chesterton out of proportion. Mr. Chesterton is, in his more important aspects, a very typically English writer of the kind that the Latin races have the greatest difficulty in understanding. We think it would be easier for a Frenchman to understand Shakespeare than to understand Mr. Chesterton; M. Tonquédec seriously analyses Mr. Chesterton's "philosophy of fairy-land" and also Mr. Chesterton's remarks on the mystic rightness of the average man, while he is merely coldly bewildered by the grotesque humour of such compositions as "The Man who was Thursday"—the quality which, to us, makes Mr. Chesterton worth reading.

Consider, for instance, Mr. Chesterton's logic of fairy-land, a logic according to which stones might fall upwards, seed-potatoes sprout into elephants, and so on, all of which reduces to the platitude that observed natural sequences are not necessary truths, or else means nothing. M. Tonquédec takes the trouble to point out that there really is an observed natural order of events. The ordinary peasant, at least in France, expects seed-potatoes to produce potatoes. He would be not only surprised, but probably even annoyed, if they produced elephants. But we think that M. Tonquédec understands this philosophy better than we do, for he finds that it is "une bizarre métaphysique arabe," and he even gives us what St. Thomas said about it: "Hæc positio stulta est, et contrariatur dictis philosophorum et sanctorum."

In all this part of his work we think that M. Tonquédec fails to notice Mr. Chesterton's most prominent characteristics. Mr. Chesterton is intuitive, impatient and humorous. He is too impatient to be accurate; he trusts to his intuition, and his intuition, although penetrating, works within very narrow limits. Thus, in literature, where alone he is really at home, Mr. Chesterton can write some of the best and some of the worst criticism of our time. In matters of philosophy or science, he, like the celebrated comparative anatomist, requires only one footprint in order to reconstruct the whole animal—only Mr. Chesterton invariably constructs fabulous animals.

If M. Tonquédec is here too grave, we think he is too provincial in his comments on Mr. Chesterton's fantastic romances. He solemnly details the laws of art—French art—and shows that Mr. Chesterton transgresses all of them. It is a way we have in England. We would listen more attentively if M. Tonquédec showed more understanding of what Mr. Chesterton has done; but when Mr. Chesterton is getting more and more gloriously absurd, M. Tonquédec begins to mutter something about "les frontières de l'anormal." We see M. Tonquédec's point of view. Writing as a serious Catholic and estimating the propagandist value of Mr. Chesterton's remarks on philosophy and religion, he is naturally distressed to find obvious lapses both in orthodoxy and good sense. Such writings, he thinks, may have a bad rather than a good effect. From this point of view, his study is sympathetic and discriminating.

## The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

### PHILOSOPHY.

**Bullock (Arthur Brodrick).** The Supreme Human Tragedy; and other Essays. 7½x5. 95 pp. Daniel, 3/6 n.

### RELIGION.

**Dodd (Prof. C. R.).** The Meaning of Paul for To-day (Christian Revolution Series). 7½x5. 172 pp. Swarthmore Press, 6/6 n.

**Gilnt (Ernest J.).** The Tangle of God and Evil. 7x5. 38 pp. Stock, 1/6 n.

**\*Hastings (James), ed.** Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics: Vol. XI. Sacrifice-Sudra. 11½x8½. 936 pp. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 35/

**Storr (Vernon F.).** The Argument from Design (Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications). 7½x4½. 66 pp. Longmans, 2/ n.

**Vonier (Dom Anscar).** The Christian Mind. 7½x5½. 217 pp. B. Herder, 68, Great Russell St., W.C.1, 5/ n.

### SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

**De Bunsen (Victoria).** Old and New in the Countryside. 9x6. 165 pp. Longmans, 9/ n.

**\*Gould (Gerald).** The Coming Revolution in Great Britain. Pref. by George Lansbury. 7½x5½. 296 pp. Collins, 6/ n.

**\*Hamp (Pierre).** Les Chercheurs d'Or (La Peine des Hommes). 7½x5. 191 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 7fr.

**\*Hyndman (H. M.).** The Evolution of Revolution. 9x5½. 406 pp. Grant Richards, 21/ n.

**\*Zangwill (Israel).** The Voice of Jerusalem. 9x5½. 360 pp. Heinemann, 15/ n.

### USEFUL ARTS.

**Grieve (Mrs. M.).** Economic Trees and their By-products: a Concise Account of over 70 Species of Trees that readily grow in Great Britain. 7½x4½. 70 pp. Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, the Author, 1/6 n.

**Hunt (H. Ernest).** The Influence of Thought on Health, Wealth, and Happiness. 7½x5. 246 pp. Rider, 5/ n.

### FINE ARTS.

**\*Friesz (Emile-Othon).** 26 Reproductions, précédées d'une étude critique par André Salmon (Les Peintres Français Nouveaux, 5). 6x4½. 63 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 4fr.

**King (Georgiana Goddard).** The Way of St. James (Hispanic Notes and Monographs, Peninsular Series). 6½x4½. 3 vols. 479, 520, 718 pp. plates. Putnam, 50/.

**\*Marquand (Allan).** Giovanni della Robbia (Princeton Monographs in Art). 10½x8. 257 pp. 161 figs. Princeton, N.J., Univ. Press (Milford), \$8 n.

**\*Mustoxidi (T. M.).** Histoire de l'Esthétique française, 1700-1900. Suivie d'une Bibliographie des origines à 1914. 10x6½. Paris, Champion, 20fr.

**\*Percival (MacIver).** The Fan Book. 9x5½. 344 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 21/ n.

**\*Rothenstein (William).** Twenty-four Portraits. With Critical Appreciations by various Hands. 10½x6½. 106 pp. Allen & Unwin, 21/ n.

### MUSIC.

**\*Anderton (H. Orsmond).** Early English Music. Pref. by R. R. Terry. 7½x5½. 344 pp. il. "Musical Opinion," Chichester Ch. mbers, Chancery Lane, W.C.2, 10/6 n.

### LITERATURE.

**Afterthoughts of a Black Cat.** By the Author of "Reflections of a Black Cat." 7½x5½. 87 pp. Humphreys, 3/6 n.

**\*Balfour (Arthur James).** Essays, Speculative and Political. 9x6. 276 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 12/6 n.

**\*Barbellion (W. N. P.).** A Last Diary. Pref. by Arthur J. Cummings. 7½x5½. 196 pp. Chatto & Windus, 6/ n.

**Birnbaum (Martin).** Oscar Wilde: Fragments and Memories. 7½x5. 36 pp. il. Elkin Mathews, 7/6 n.

**Carden (Percy T.).** The Murder of Edwin Drood, recounted by John Jasper: being an Attempted Solution of the Mystery based on Dickens' Manuscript and Memoranda. Introd. by B. W. Matz. 7½x5. 143 pp. il. Palmer, 6/ n.

**\*Chesterton (G. K.).** The New Jerusalem. 8½x5½. 314 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 12/6 n.

**\*Dickinson (G. Lowes).** The Magic Flute: a Fantasia. 7½x4½. 128 pp. Allen & Unwin, 5/ n.

**\*Hearn (Lafcadio).** Life and Literature. Selected and edited with an introduction by John Erskine. 9½x6½. 393 pp. Heinemann, 25/ n.

**\*Hudson (W. H.).** Dead Man's Plack; and An Old Thorn. 7½x5. 205 pp. il. Dent, 7/6 n.

**Mary (André), ed.** Les Amours de Frêne et Galeran (Collection Littéraire des Romans d'Aventures). 7½x4½. 256 pp. Paris, Edition Française Illustrée, 30, rue de Provence, 5fr. 50.

**Nurserymatograph (The),** by a Lawyer; with Interludicrousness by a Parson. 7½x5. 80 pp. il. Lane, 3/6 n.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

**\*Clare (John).** Poems, chiefly from Manuscript. Selected and edited by Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter. 9x5½. 255 pp. Cobden-Sanderson, 10/6 n.

**\*Firbank (Ronald).** The Princess Zoubaroff: a Comedy. 7½x5. 112 pp. Grant Richards, 6/ n.

**\*Gould (Gerald).** The Journey: Odes and Sonnets. 8½x5½. 94 pp. Collins, 6/ n.

**Houston (Gertrude Craig).** The Evolution of the Historical Drama in Germany during the First Half of the Nineteenth Century. 8½x5½. 98 pp. Belfast, W. Mullan, 5/ n.

**Lynd (Sylvia).** The Goldfinches. 7x5. 47 pp. Cobden-Sanderson, 3/6 n.

**\*Mallarmé (Stéphane).** Vers de Circonstance. 7½x4½. 204 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 8fr. 25.

**Mazaud (Emile).** La Folle Journée: Comédie en un acte (Répertoire du Vieux-Colombier). 6½x3½. 46 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 2fr. 50.

**\*Owen (Wilfred).** Poems. Introd. by Siegfried Sassoon. 6½x7. 34 pp. Chatto & Windus, 6/ n.

**Stacpoole (H. de Vere).** The Blue Lagoon: a Play in Four Acts. Written for the Stage by Norman Macowan and Charlton Mann. 7½x5½. 126 pp. Fisher Unwin, 6/ n.

**Waight (James F.).** Richard II. 7½x4½. 109 pp. Allen & Unwin, 2/6 n.

### FICTION.

**Gibbon (J. Murray).** The Conquering Hero. 7½x5. 288 pp. Lane, 8/6 n.

**\*Gobineau (Comte de).** Mademoiselle Irnois: Nouvelle inédite, précédée d'un avant-propos par Tancrède de Visan. 7½x5½. 102 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 4fr. 80.

**Gregory (Jackson).** The Bells of San Juan. 7½x5. 320 pp. Melrose, 7/6 n.

**Hemingway (R. D.).** Land of my Fathers. 7½x4½. 323 pp. Melrose, 7/ n.

**\*Hergesheimer (J.).** The Happy End. 7½x5. 311 pp. Heinemann, 7/6 n.

**Kendall (Ralph S.).** The Luck of the Mounted: a Tale of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. 7½x5. 312 pp. Lane, 7/6 n.

**Mitchell (Justin).** The Sword of O'Malley. 7½x5. 290 pp. Fisher Unwin, 5/ n.

**\*Oldmeadow (Ernest).** The Hare. 7½x5½. 460 pp. Grant Richards, 9/ n.

### GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

**Butler (Frank Hedges).** Fifty Years of Travel: by Land, Water and Air. 9x6. 421 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 21/ n.

**\*Dasent (Arthur Irwin).** Piccadilly in Three Centuries; with some Account of Berkeley Square and the Haymarket. 9½x5½. 328 pp. il. Macmillan, 18/ n.

**\*Graham (P. Anderson).** Highways and Byways in Northumbria. II. by Hugh Thomson (Highways and Byways Series). 8x5½. 398 pp. Macmillan, 7/6 n.

**Grande (Constance and Julian).** Geneva: its Place in the World. 7½x5. 157 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 6/ n.

**\*Jenness (D.) and Ballantyne (late Rev. A.).** The Northern D'Entrecasteaux. Pref. by R. R. Marett. 9½x5½. 218 pp. il. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 12/6 n.

**\*Poulsen (Dr. Frederik).** Delphi. Tr. by G. C. Richards. Pref. by Percy Gardner. 10x7½. 350 pp. Gyldendal, 21/ n.

## BIOGRAPHY.

- \***De Montmorency (J. E. G.)**. John Gorell Barnes, First Lord Gorell (1848-1913). Introd. by Ronald, Third Lord Gorell. 9x5½. 302 pp. Murray, 16/ n.  
**Freshfield (Douglas W.)** and **Montagnier (Henry F.)**. The Life of Horace Benedict de Saussure. 9½x6½. 499 pp. il. Arnold, 25/ n.

## HISTORY.

- \***Lavis (Ernest)**. Histoire de France Contemporaine: Vol. I. La Révolution (1789-92), par P. Sagnac. 9½x7½. 440 pp. Paris. Hachette, 30fr.  
 \***Orpen (Goddard Henry)**. Ireland under the Normans, 1216-1333. 9½x5½. Vol. III. 314 pp.; Vol. IV. 343 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 30/ n.  
 \***Terry (Charles Sanford)**. A History of Scotland from the Roman Evacuation to the Disruption, 1843. 8½x5½. 708 pp. maps. Cambridge Univ. Press, 20/ n.

## PERIODICALS.

- Anglia**. Nov. 18. With Beiblatt, Nos. 10, 11. Halle a. S., Niemeyer. Anglia, 20m. yearly; with Beiblatt, 50m.  
**Chapbook**. Nov. The Younger French Poets, by F. S. Flint. Poetry Bookshop, 1/6 n.  
**Ecrits Nouveaux**. Nov. Paris, Emile-Paul, 3fr.  
**Journal of Mental Science**. Oct. Churchill, 5/ n.  
**Marges**. Nov. 15. Paris, 71, Rue des Saints-Pères, 1fr. 75.  
**Rational Living**. An Independent Magazine devoted to the Teaching of Rational Methods of Living. No. I. 9x6. 60 pp. New York, 61, Hamilton Place, 40c.  
**Revue de Genève**. Nov. Genève, 46, Rue du Stand, 4fr.  
**Roumanian Academy**. Bulletin de la Section Historique: Jan., 1916, 2fr.; April, 1916, 2fr.; Jan., 1920, 12fr. Bucharest, Librairie P. Suru.  
**Round Table**. Dec. Macmillan, 5/ n.  
**Studies in Philology**. October. Univ. of North Carolina, \$1.  
**Sturm**. Parts 9-10. Berlin, Potsdamer Strasse, 134a, 2m.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Henley (William Ernest)**, ed. *Lyra Heroica: a Book of Verse for Boys* (Golden Treasury Series). 6½x4½. 303 pp. Macmillan, 3/6 n.  
 \***Malory (Sir Thomas)**. *Le Morte D'Arthur: the History of King Arthur and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table*. 36 il. in colour by W. Russell Flint. 9½x6½. 2 vols. 469, 553 pp. Lee Warner, 42/ n.  
 \***Whibley (Charles)**. *Literary Portraits*. 7½x5½. 334 pp. Macmillan, 12/6 n.

## JUVENILE.

- Barrington-Kennett (Ellinor F.)**. *Three Little Sisters*. 8½x6½. 83 pp. col. il. Wells Gardner, 5/ n.  
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**Byron (May)**. *Five Bad Chunkies*. Drawn by Chloë Preston. 9½x8½. 48 pp. col. il. Milford, 6/ n.  
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**McKean (Capt. C. B.)**. *Making Good*. 7½x5. 253 pp. il. Milford, 5/ n.

- Moorat (Joseph)**. *Humpty Dumpty, and Other Songs*. With Music. Il. by Paul Woodroffe. 10½x10½. 30 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 7/6 n.  
**Nightingale (Madeleine and Chas. T.)**. *Farm-Yard Ditties*. 8½x6½. 45 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 3/ n.  
**Oxford Annual for Scouts, II**. Ed. by Herbert Strang. 9x7½. 264 pp. il. Milford, pic. boards, 6/; cl. 7/6.  
**Palmer (Mrs. Clayton)**. *The Tale of Tommy Tinfoil*. 8½x6½. 87 pp. col. il. Wells Gardner, 5/ n.  
**Papé (Agnes M.)**. *Fair Folk of Many Lands*. 10x7½. 94 pp. il. S.P.C.K., 6/6 n.  
**Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred**, the Famous *Daily Mirror* Pets. By "Uncle Dick" (B. J. L.). 4½x7½. 62 pp. il. Stanley Paul, 2/ n.  
**Sitwell (Edith)**. *Children's Tales (from the Russian Ballet)*. Il. by I. de B. Lockyer. 10½x7½. 78 pp. Parsons, 12/6 n.  
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**Strang's (Herbert) Annual, XIII**. 10½x7½. 176 pp. il. Milford, pic. boards, 6/ n.; cl. 7/6 n.  
**Strang's (Mrs.) Annual for Baby**. 9½x7½. 22 pp. col. il. Milford, pic. boards, 4/6 n.; cl. 5/6 n.  
**Surrey (George S.)**. *A Servant of the Company*. 7½x5. 347 pp. il. Milford, 5/ n.  
**Tiny Folks' Annual, VII**. 9½x7½. 152 pp. col. il. Milford, pic. boards, 5/ n.; cl. 6/ n.  
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## CHILDREN'S POETRY

THESE are, I think, two principles which the reviewer of poetry for children may accept for his guidance. The first is that children cannot appreciate all that the adult appreciates in poetry—which means that children are a special audience; and the second is that what is obviously silly to any reasonable man or woman ought not to be given to children. Most writers and compilers of children's books, however, seem to work on the principle that children are mentally deficient adults. Here is a poem entitled "Magic" ("Among the Innocents," by Austin Latham, Methuen, 5s. net) in which, after describing the arrival home in a bad temper of "Daddy" and his recomposure by Mother—the process, mercifully, is not described—the poet continues:

When down we come again, Papa  
Is jolly as can be,  
And sits and puffs a big cigar  
With mother on his knee.

I suppose there are homes in which that sort of thing does go on, but whether real or imagined it is neither edifying nor beautiful, and is not interesting; and children would not even have the pleasure of knowing that it was not meant to be funny. The author of this book seems to think that a plentiful use of "wee" and "weeny" transforms adult fatuousness into food for babes; and, of course, he does not forget the inevitable moral lesson:

Be good—and let sweet chastity  
And virtue be your dow'rs,  
For playmates—little children have—  
Make friends of birds and flow'rs.  
Keep sentinel upon your heart  
Lest passions run to riot;  
Have high achievement for your aim  
And be serene and quiet.

The rhyming of "riot" and "quiet" is a very high achievement, but any nonsense is good enough to talk to children, there is no need to believe or even to know what you say. It is such an ordinary, everyday occurrence, this preaching of goodness to children, who in their innocence possess these almost impossible virtues of chastity and honesty, which are almost invariably conspicuous by their absence in the preachers; but such is the power of the phrase on the human mind that most men and women go about the world uttering these horrible hypocrisies through sheer inability to break the verbal sequence which constitutes their mental life. It is natural for men to imagine that the virtues they find difficult are an object of difficulty to children, whereas of course they do not exist for children, whose very ceasing to be children is the process of gradually becoming aware of virtues and of their difficulties simultaneously. We find none of this preaching to children in the work of Mr. Walter de la Mare, and the new edition of "A Child's Day" (Constable,

7s. 6d. net) will be acceptable to everyone. Mr. de la Mare has that rare and last simplicity of the great, and it is impossible to explain how the best of his rhymes combine an immediate appeal to children with a beauty that only another poet can fully appreciate. When Mr. de la Mare has to say farewell to his Elizabeth Ann after his "day" he begins thus:

Sadly, O, sadly the sweet bells of Baddeley  
Played in their steeples when Robin was gone,  
Killed by an arrow,  
Shot by Cock Sparrow,  
Out of a Maybush, fragrant and wan.  
Grievedly, grievedly, tolled distant Shieveley,  
When the Dwarfs laid poor Snow-white asleep on the hill,  
Drowned by an apple  
The Queen sly and subtle  
Had cut with her knife on the blossomy sill.

It is like listening to a Harper beginning a song of some small intimate sorrow with a prelude touching the tunes in which all ancient griefs lay buried, and it has that final concreteness of music. The only thing to be said against his work as a present for children is that one feels it ought to be preserved until they are old enough for its full beauty to come to them with the freshness of a revelation.

This edition of "A Child's Day" is illustrated with photographs, and after the first shock of surprise, mixed with some little distaste for this method of illustration, one begins to appreciate the virtue these pictures will have for children, who always desire reality, not fantasy, or a fantasy that is extremely direct and simplified such as we get in Tenniel's drawings to "Alice in Wonderland." The modern illustrator of children's books is for the most part a hopeless bungler. In black-and-white he is often no worse than a nonentity, but as soon as he begins to work in colour his ambition seems to be to imitate the Interior at Petworth and produce fogs in half-tone blocks. The illustrations of "The Year's at the Spring: an Anthology of Recent Poetry" (Harrap, 16s. net) are free from this vice, but they are not good. They copy almost every style that has been in vogue for the last ten years, and every one is a poor imitation of some not very good original. Supremacy in badness is struggled for by several pictures, but it must be awarded, I think, to page 80, where "the dead robed in red and sea-lilies overhead sway when the long winds blow." This anthology of modern poetry is a small, but on the whole a well-chosen selection, and it has an introduction by Harold Monro admirable in sense and expression, pleading for a recognition of the merits of a poetry that is "a minute concentration on the objects immediately near and an anxious carefulness to describe these in the most appropriate and satisfactory terms." "Be it noted," says Mr. Monro, "that the eye which does not look too far often sees most." Both the illustrations and the verse of "Dreamland Shores," by Norman Ault (Milford, 6s. net), are passable; the illustration

in colour to "Pirate Gold" is an example of what an illustration in a book for children ought to be—clear and full of sensible detail without a touch of genius. Sense, good verification and plenty of detail make the unillustrated "Rhymes of Wee Woodlanders," by Nancy Hayes (Harrap, 2s. 6d. net), acceptable; but "Cowslips and Kingcups," by C. D. Cole (Methuen, 5s. net), has more poetic sensibility—too much for the average child—and a certain delicate felicity of expression; this is amended for, however, by a number of pleasant illustrations. Mr. Nightingale's woodcuts add considerably to the "Farm-yard Ditties" (Oxford, Blackwell, 3s. net) and "Tinker Tailor Rhymes" (Duckworth, 5s. net), but the ditties surpass the rhymes. A tough and massive production is "A Child's Book of Hours," by C. and W. H. Irving (Milford, 12s. 6d.). The authors evidently anticipated and have prepared for considerable hostility on the part of its child-readers, but though the book is not a masterpiece, I see no reason to suppose that the first instinct of any child would be to destroy it at sight. I am not so sure that the best of all these productions as a gift for children is not "The Book of the Clock," by Margaret Tarrant, N. K. Brisley and Harry Golding (Ward & Lock, 3s. 6d. net), which is compiled with a penetration into child-psychology and a cold, ruthless, business-like efficiency worthy of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

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Now that the war-years have taken their proper and quite secondary place in the boy-mind, the old and more exacting times have returned; and how ominously the season must be bulking itself into the vision of countless parents, and the thought troubling them day and night of something not yet done which is pretty sure to be ill-done! There is nothing in life so devastating as that look of pitying scorn with which a boy greets you on the next occasion after having received at your hands a story-book that fails at the application of his own unique critical test. This year the quest of the perfect book for boys promises to be as difficult and as risky as it was in pre-war years, although, we are happy to think, rather because the seekers will be spoiled for choice than that they have only inferior books to choose from.

Those authors who devote a considerable section of their year to the noble task of spinning the sort of yarn that rejoices the soul of the average boy (a splendid average!) have mostly cut away their last connection with the book that boasts a military or naval setting, and returned to their native environment—that of the always fascinating public school, the treasure island, the cowboy trail, or, at worst, the underground dungeon in the Far East that has a suspicious resemblance to the opium dens of a much nearer and even more vilified East. The "war" books, indeed, have dwindled, so far as we are able to count them, to a

very insignificant total. Not that the volumes we have seen are insignificant of themselves. One is by Mr. Percy Westerman, and he is too good and too experienced to present at this stage a war-story in the earlier, makeshift, and mechanical way of those who wrote such things. We are obliged to admit that, with the help of Mr. E. S. Hodgson's finely drawn illustrations, his post-war story of the sea, "The Salving of the Fusi Yama" (Blackie, 5s. net), is an excellent, rattling work. Another war-volume will probably have more attraction for American boys. As a matter of fact, "Into Mexico with General Scott," by Mr. E. L. Sabin (Lippincott, 7s. net), is American all through, being an historical tale of the Mexican campaign of 1847 down to the last (and, we should say, wearisome) detail for which American readers of all ages appear to have a fine relish.

May we take it, and not only in the case of the two books already noted, that either author or publisher has first submitted their production to the ordeal of reading it aloud before a company of boys? This is the first and soundest test for a book of the kind, and if the excuse for a negative answer were that of not being sufficiently in touch with actual boyhood, then we would say emphatically that no author has any chance of success with boys if his writing does not come of direct association with them. We are inclined to question the credentials of Mr. Westerman until we come upon a much more plausible book he has written—much more plausible, we mean, in its relation to the taste of the boy of 1920. "Sea Scouts All" (Blackie, 4s. 6d. net), with very attractive illustrations by Mr. Charles Pears, shows something of the influence of Jack London's one and only story of the *genre*, but is none the less original and up-to-date for that. But we dare hazard with no questioning at all that Mr. John Finbarr was not only in touch with boys when he wrote "The Strange Adventure of Jack Smith" (Milford, 5s. net), but is in touch with them all the year round—lives among them, in fact, possibly as head of a boys' school. Let anyone who would appreciate the sureness of our hazard read aloud to any group whatever this honest story of young life a hundred years ago, introducing a travelling circus, a baronial hall, an old-time public school, and, finally, a rousing sea battle on the ships of Nelson himself. Mr. Finbarr's story is exactly the sort of thing that most fathers will be looking for this December, and most boys hoping for.

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Harrap (6s. net each), we are inclined to recommend "Martin Crusoe," his rollicking tale of a boy's adventure on a mysterious island. "Castaway Island," by Mr. Perry Newberry, on similar but less "modern" lines, does not suffer much by comparison, and the story has the additional merit of being accompanied by Mr. F. A. Anderson's capital drawings. "The Lost Hunters" is a good story of wild men and great beasts by Mr. Joseph Altscheler, and "Adventures in Southern Seas," by Mr. George Forbes, a well-written and beautifully illustrated story of the sixteenth century. Talking of beasts prompts us to add that we have enjoyed (and found most enlightening) Mr. F. St. Mars' collection of animal tales, "The Wild Unmasked," and "Off the Beaten Track" (Chambers, 6s. net each), the latter being a new experiment for its author, and off the beaten track in more senses than one.

Will "scout" stories ever achieve the popularity of school stories? If the writing of them were left to Mr. Robert Leighton, we should incline to optimism, and present his "Kiddie the Scout" (Pearson, 4s. 6d. net) in support of it. But Mr. R. A. H. Goodyear's "Forge of Foxenby" (Blackie, 5s. net), Mr. Hylton Cleaver's "Roscoe Makes Good" (Milford, 5s. net), and Mr. Kent Carr's "Caught Out" (Chambers, 6s. net) are tremendously difficult propositions to compete with. While such excellent work is being done the vein must be far from exhausted. "The Making of Michael," by Miss Lydia Middleton (Blackie, 6s. net), and "The Mysterious Tramp," by Miss Vera Barclay (Pearson, 2s. 6d. net), deal lavishly with schools, scouts, circuses and the rest of the paraphernalia employed elsewhere, and, moreover, to good effect; but we wonder if the boys' reception of certain episodes was noted when they were read aloud? These are the only books—by women, be it marked—in which a "love" element is introduced. Not that it is an element to be barred, necessarily; but the boy must be terrifically in love with his hero and the maiden before he deigns to accept it.

THOMAS MOULT.

## THE ANNUALS

HARD to please must that child be who cannot find something to rejoice over among the many annuals published this year. For the smallest, there is Mrs. Herbert Strang's "Tiny Folks' Annual" (Milford, 5s.), "full of good pictures and good stories too"; the print is large and some of the illustrations are coloured. Failing this, we shall try Blackie's "Children's Annual" (6s.), a really magnificent volume, with such excellent contributors as Mr. Neil Munro, and such artists as Mr. Alfred Leete. "Merry Moments Annual" (Newnes, 5s.) is a mine of wit and wisdom, beast and bird tales. The wicked child is still unsatisfied? Here is Ward, Lock & Co.'s "Wonder Book" (6s.)—the real wonder is how such a book can be produced for the money to-day. Rich indeed can the child feel who possesses it, for it is good from start to finish. "The Child's Companion" (R.T.S., 2s. 6d.) is another pleasing book, with well-written and well-illustrated natural history pages interspersed. Older children have just as wide a range. "Herbert Strang's Annual," crowded with romance, actual and imaginative (Milford, 6s.); "John Buchan's Annual" (Nelson, 7s. 6d.), containing fourteen chapters on the war, chiefly by eyewitnesses, illustrated by Mr. Stephen Spurrer; the "Oxford Annual for Scouts" (Milford, 6s.), modelled after Mr. Strang's other "Annual," and as good; the "Empire Annual" for Girls, and also for Boys (R.T.S., 5s. each), principally containing short stories; the "Girl's Own Annual" and the "Boy's Own Annual" (R.T.S., 13s. 6d. each)—when shall their glory fade? they seem as good as ever. There are so many that the difficulty will be to make a choice.

## STORIES OF WAR

LADS OF THE LOTHIANS. By Escott Lynn. (Chambers, 6s. net.)  
THE STORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Donald A. Mackenzie. (Blackie, 6s. net.)  
THE MASTERY OF THE AIR. By William J. Claxton. (Blackie, 6s. net.)

THE writer has always thanked his stars that he was never able to read Henty. "With Kitchener to Khartoum" adorned his small heap of belongings for a number of years, but its contents were undisturbed by him. There was something attractive in the alliterative title, the work was well bound and handsomely printed, even illustrated—but there it lay, mere furniture. We "sighed, and looked, and looked again," and shut it up for ever. There was a reason for this. On the paternal shelves was a set of volumes by James Grant, called "British Battles by Land and Sea." It was a harmless and readable work, often giving the descriptions of eyewitnesses, and making no secret of the physical horror (more important to our youth than the spiritual, for our spirit soared superior to mere danger) of war. Schooled by this book, we realized at a very early age that war is a bloody business indeed, and that, despite our personal bravery, we should be distinctly sorry to receive a bullet in the stomach or even to sweat and grunt after Kitchener to Khartoum. We determined to avoid soldiering.

Alas, how many a resolve has gone home! Browsing on fancies in cellars and dugouts, we have wondered whether, even for boys, there would ever be any more romance in war. Helping to carry away the sentry, spurning blood from twenty wounds, from the bay where the "minnie" had pitched, or watching a red-faced sergeant gathering into a sandbag with a shovel the poor vestiges of his corporal, we doubted whether any boys would be left to decide our point about the romance of it. At other times, on the march, with witty songs flying and good billets waiting, there seemed possibilities. If the war had been fought with tennis balls we would have written the romance ourselves. As it is, apart from certain intellectual experiences, we agree with the old trench catch-phrase "War as a pastime is somewhat overrated."

Lieutenant Cyril Grey was certainly a cool hand. No sooner had he joined the 5th Royal Scots than he quoted Shakespeare to a captain and told the colonel he was about to write an epic. His monocle, his socks, his draw! were those of an amiable ass; but if Grey was an ass, he was a dark horse. The "Lads of the Lothians" worshipped him. Mr. Lynn's book is all about him: how he outwitted a spy in Alexandria, how he led his men—with his monocle—on W Beach, his extraordinary patrol into "a village" held by the Turk, and his eavesdropping in a "big clump of some flowering shrubs" (this was the front line), while the Turk and German field officers discussed the attack of the next morning. Grey is eventually killed; which is no doubt the correct version, but will very much disturb the youthful reader. For Mr. Lynn has evolved a war of his own. His book would share the fate of "With Kitchener to Khartoum" with ourselves; and those who like the latter will like it accordingly.

The Great War is less imaginatively treated by Mr. Mackenzie, whose plain tale, with excellent pictures, lays stress where it should, in our opinion, be laid, on the War in the West. The glimpses which he gives of the life of the individual in the fighting line are devoid of deceptive glamour, and will instil a sense of proportion. There is no need for propaganda other than the facts.

Excellent, too, is Mr. Claxton's sketch of the history of aeronautics, which necessarily has much to say of the war. He has the personal touch which holds the interest. A third edition of a book on flying is, at the present rate of development, a new book. These last two volumes would, we imagine, be nowadays our "British Battles."

## GIRLS' BOOKS

THE Tom Hughes of the Girls' High School—an innovation which dates from the last half-century, and round which a special literature has naturally grown up—is still perhaps to seek. Yet many authors who have treated this subject in fiction have given us pleasant, and in essentials accurate impressions of an undoubtedly important phase in the modern education of women. Among the twenty books to be reviewed in this article, half-a-dozen are stories dealing with the life of schools, not all "High" in the technical sense, but all more or less modelled on the standard which that adjective conveniently defines.

"Chris and Some Others," by Winifred Darch (Milford, 5s. net), is a lively study of the suburban High School proper, and shows an enthusiastic appreciation of the fine qualities which that institution tends to develop: *esprit de corps*, sportsmanship, and a genuine spirit of democratic equality. But Miss Darch is perhaps a little unsympathetic with regard to the (not wholly imaginary) difficulties which in any small neighbourhood embarrass an extension of this spirit from the school to the home. "The Right Kind of Girl," by Dorothea Moore (Nisbet, 6s. net), is an amusing tale of two boarding-schools standing close together in a seaside town—a position which not unnaturally gives rise to a certain cheerful attitude of rivalry. The heroine, arriving unescorted, makes her entrance at the wrong door, and, receiving a cordial welcome, has become a wholehearted partisan of her entertainers before the mistake is discovered, and she is transferred to the establishment really selected by her guardians. Some heart-burnings and misunderstandings ensue, but the end is universal reconciliation, the headmistresses gracefully taking the lead. "The Right St. John's," by Christine Chaundler (Milford, 5s. net), is, as its similarity of title might suggest, very similar in subject and also in treatment. In this case the confusion is between two schools named respectively after the apostle and the Baptist. There is an interesting allusion to the practice of "cribbing," a vice much less common with girls than boys, but not wholly unknown even to them. "Winifred Avon," by Mabel Marlowe (Harrap, 6s. net), is the story—bright and natural despite its sensational *motif*—of a schoolgirl suspected for apparently cogent reasons of theft, and in consequence temporarily sent to Coventry by her companions, of whom only one continues to believe in her. "A Riotous Term at St. Norbert's," by May Baldwin (Chambers, 6s. net), describes an aristocratic, but rather rowdy academy, where pillow-fights and booby-traps are the order of the day, and a colonial accent is something of an impediment to social success. The classical standard would seem to be high, for the staff, if not for the pupils, since one mistress writes original plays in ancient Greek. "The Princess of the School," by Angela Brazil (Blackie, 6s. net), belongs to a rather different class from the preceding. Only a small part of the action takes place at school, and the remainder is varied by foreign travel, a disputed inheritance, and even a discreet hint of love-making.

The domestic type of fiction is also represented by about half-a-dozen specimens. Amongst these the first place is easily assigned to "Rock Bottom" (Harrap, 6s. net), by Queenie Scott-Hopper, a writer possessing something of the charm which distinguished Miss Charlotte Yonge, whose methods also she seems to have adapted to latter-day requirements. A large household of girls, all delightful in their different ways and struggling against poverty in cheerful and united fashion, occupy the centre of the stage. As becomes their spiritual ancestry, they are good Churchwomen, but after a more modern fashion than would have appealed to the author of "The Daisy Chain." In "An Impossible Friend" (Milford, 5s. net)

Miss E. S. Haverfield describes with an agreeably romantic touch the passionate admiration felt by a neglected and hence eccentric "flapper" for a slightly older girl conventionally well-mannered and attractive, and the good results which ultimately ensue for both. "The Taming of Tamzin," by Esmé Stuart (Harrap, 6s. net), is a variation on the well-worn theme of the rebellious tomboy and the persecuted governess; but the latter lady is not of the plaintive-martyr order once esteemed appropriate. "Mother and Dad and the Rest of Us" (Blackie, 6s. net) is supposed to record the impressions of Archie Fairfax, aged twelve; mainly as concerning the characters and actions of his parents and elder sister. The Fairfaxes are an amiable family, rather too much bent on being humorous, and radiating a vaguely Romanist atmosphere which recalls "The Young Visitors." In "Mary Marie" (Constable, 9s. net) the dually-named young lady is an American Maisie, torn between the conflicting claims of her parents, who are, however, very decent people, their divorce having been allowed upon grounds not recognized in this country. The story, which falls short of what we expect from Miss Eleanor H. Porter, ends with their remarriage. "Laughing Water" (Ward & Lock, 3s. 6d. net) is again not so interesting as some other tales by Mrs. Curlewis (Ethel Turner). Its value lies in the description of domestic conditions in Australia, and incidentally of an influenza epidemic and the almost inconceivable panic which it there excited.

Next upon our list come five books of adventure. The scene of "Three Real Bricks," by T. E. Grattan-Smith (Harrap, 6s. net), is also laid in Australia. It relates the wonderful achievements of a girl and two boys in "surf-riding," flying, and mine-sweeping (the date is 1914). "Adventures of Two," by May Wynne (Blackie, 4s. 6d. net), calls upon us to admire the skill and intrepidity of two girls in extricating their brother from captivity among Red Indians. Smuggling carried on, partly by aeroplane, from a base in the Highlands of Scotland, provides an exciting problem for the eponymous heroines of "Three Adventurous Schoolgirls," by Brenda Girvin (Milford, 5s. net), and it is scarcely necessary to add that to them belongs the principal credit of solving it. "The Treasure House," by Mary Bradford Whiting (Milford, 5s. net), is a rather engaging blend of a present-day atmosphere, as exemplified by girl foresters, with the antique devices of a mysterious house and a hidden will. In "The Merry Five and Toronto," by Edna Lake (Chambers, 5s. net), five brothers and sisters and a puppy, all attractive personalities, are instrumental in unravelling a mystery of great import to themselves.

As historical works we may class "The Story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," by William Canton (Harrap, 6s. net), a really meritorious book, reasonable and sympathetic in tone, which may be recommended to readers of all ages; and "The Admiral's Daughter," by Margaret Stuart Lane (Milford, 5s. net). The last is a mild form of novel, "very safe and pleasant," dating from about the period of Monmouth's rebellion. The rescue from prison of the Admiral's future son-in-law through his lady-love's prowess in archery makes a capital adventure, and the smart society of that day furnishes some entertaining interludes.

As purporting to be a fairy tale, "The Thirteenth Orphan," by Christine Chaundler (Nisbet, 6s. net), comes under none of the above categories. The orphan in question is a peer's daughter kidnapped in infancy, yet, in right apparently of her aristocratic origin, endowed with a bodyguard of fairies. Their somewhat tardy intervention rescues her from an establishment where she is barbarously expected to consume large helpings of roast beef and suet-pudding. The beef, indeed, is underdone; but even so, there has obviously been some improvement

in the methods of philanthropists, if not in the charity of their critics, since the days when *Oliver Twist* vainly "asked for more."

All these books are illustrated, with varying degrees of merit, and some can even boast a few coloured pictures. The type is for the most part good, and the binding attractive.

C. J.

## FAIRY TALES

**F**AIRIES may be simple or sophisticated, beautiful or hideous, friendly or hateful, prim and precise or tangle-haired and teasing; but, whatever they are, their adventures should always be told simply. It's hopeless to make a fuss about the fairies; the fuss æsthetic, the fuss of folk-lore, the fuss moralizing, the fuss gruesome, all of these are ruin for a fairy tale for children. The best authors have been guilty at times. There are moments when even Andersen makes the reader sit up with an indignant "That didn't happen"—and then, with a delicate pop, away goes the fairy tale and one's happy credulity. The best stories are the old stories told quite simply: they may be in language a little conventional, as was the language of Mrs. Freer's "Old Deccan Days," and some of the older versions of the "Arabian Nights"; but they must have that gravity, that respectful manner which show that the author does not regard his work with anything but a serious craftsman's interest—he is neither writing down nor—worse horror!—writing up.

Of our Christmas fairy books this year one is written by a man who has a touch a little beyond talent. Mr. James Stephens in "Irish Fairy Tales" (Macmillan, 15s. net) has not forgotten that he is writing for children; he keeps his humour and his rather rascally gaiety, and the wisdom in his stories of Fionn and Oisín, Bran and Mongan, is quiet and unobtrusive. He gives, too, a definition of fairyland which may serve for the older ones as well as for the children: "Everything that is here is there, but the things that are there are better than those that are here. All things that are bright are there brighter. There is more gold in the sun and more silver in the moon of that land. There is more scent on the flowers, more savour in the fruit. There is more comeliness in the men and more tenderness in the women." Mr. Rackham's pictures are amazing in their grotesque fancy; the reptiles, the uncanny rocks, the ogreish people could not be bettered; but his beautiful people are not of fairyland at all. They decorate instead of inspiring.

Carlo Lorenzini, who wrote as Collodi, knew how simple a fairy tale might be: he made one out of a piece of wood, and many children have already rejoiced over "Pinocchio" (Lippincott, 10s. 6d. net). This new edition has bad colour-illustrations by Miss Maria Kirk, and fairly good drawings by someone unnamed. These, however, are distributed in a distracting way round the text, which makes it hard to look at them and tiresome to read the text. One gladly turns to Miss Pyle's pleasantly written and charmingly illustrated "Wonder Tales from Many Lands" (Harrap, 6s. net), one of the best and least pretentious books of the year. Miss Pyle works in pen-and-ink with the addition of a slight wash of colour, and her illustrations are full of simplicity. The best that can be said of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" (Ward & Lock, 6s. net) is that it is always good to meet Grimm again, and that as the pictures are printed apart from the text, they need not greatly interfere with the enjoyment of the stories. But how Rackham's illustrations in "Snowdrop" and "Hansel and Gretel" (Constable, 17s. 6d. net each) add to that enjoyment! The artist is here at his best. He has no poetry to reckon with, only

legend and whim and fun and a little shiver, and a horror or two. He draws gnomes which a rationalist would ache to nurse; his valiant Tailor has a spirit, a gust which would stir an Esquimaux in the winter season. His other book this year is "The Sleeping Beauty" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net), illustrated in the main with those dashing, exciting little black silhouettes familiar to all his admirers. Mr. C. S. Evans must be congratulated on his re-telling of this story. It is done with great charm and humour; and Mr. Evans never forgets that all good fairy stories have to read aloud well.

That, alas! is the last praise which could be given to "Bengal Fairy Tales" (Lane, 15s. net) by Mr. Bradley Birt. The book has many merits. It gives us some new tales, and it has illustrations of interest rather than beauty by Abanindranath Tagore. Mr. Birt writes like this—he "evolved a scheme, which was to impersonate a ghost by uttering aloud some indistinct nasal noises"; or again, "Uxoriousness was one of the weaknesses of the king." Another king "puts a check to this risibility"; and a Brahmin buys not food but "the necessary articles of consumption." It is a comfort to turn to Mrs. Biggs' "Polish Fairy Tales" (Lane, 16s. net) with its full-blooded, embroidered illustrations by Cecile Walton. These are adapted from the Polish collection of Głinski, and are peasants' tales like those in Grimm's collection. It is only in such versions one gets at once the national differences and the unity which binds all the simple people of the world. Mrs. Walton has something which Rackham lacks—her work is not merely suffused by, it is instinct with, the character of the tales she is illustrating. One experiences not the least change in mood in passing from the text to the pictures—a happiness which, as a rule, comes only when the author has illustrated the book, as in "The Rose and the Ring." In "Tristram and Isoude" (Harrap, 21s. net) Miss Evelyn Paul is her own illustrator to her version of this tale, "drawn," she says, "out of the Latin into romance by Robert de Borron and Lucas de Gast." It is a difficult book to appraise fairly. Of Miss Paul's high decorative skill there is no doubt. There are initials and borders here which not only derive from the "Book of Kells," but could bear looking at beside that splendour. Some of her crowded, swift little pictures have the genuine thrill which the low ceilings and hot atmosphere of Rossetti can give. There is, too, a real touch of individuality about the pictures, especially about the figures: Miss Paul is a truer mediævalist than were the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers. Yet there is a slight affectation in the work, and a good deal in the text. Miss Paul will not be as simple as she knows how; and so misses the reward which she might have.

Miss Chaudler has rifled the old legends in "Arthur and his Knights" (Nisbet, 15s. net) and has given us a book which can be read aloud. The style is a little flat, a little infected with the drab emphasis of an unintelligent nurse, who always bears hardly on the conjunctions and the prepositions; but she is free from any attempts at mediævalism, and her knights speak with the pleasant, pretending accents of children playing a game. Miss Southwart's "The Passport to Fairyland" (Simpkin & Marshall, 15s. net) is an effort to follow E. Nesbit's brave example. Miss Southwart has failed. She has the worst fault that a writer of fairy tales can have—facetiousness. The very names of her fairies—Whoo-oo, Skygold, Pixie Bright-eye, Fleecywhite—betray the mixture of sentiment and joke. Her fairies would never stand cold water or clear air. They are tittering, tweaking little fellows, dancing self-consciously like precocious children who desire to get applause from their elders. They would use a passport rather than a password.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY

COUNTLESS little folk, reminded of domestic responsibilities by the approach of Christmas, will be vexed with their own private problem of the kind of gift most suitable for their grown-ups. If they will condescend to accept what is admittedly an outside help, we would suggest literature—quite in a disinterested way, of course—and the sort that goes by the inadequate classification of children's books. We scorn to think that the certainty of the gift coming back automatically into the possession of the giver directly the day is over will incline them to heed us anything like so much as the fact that most children's books are written by grown-ups for grown-ups.

Too often has it been forgotten that the adult mind rather than the child's requires fantasy and faery, simply because it is so overwhelmed already by realities. To the child the distinction between fact and fancy is never well defined, and his insatiable craving is to get into touch with things that are "real." Hence the desire to pull a watch to pieces, to ask, after listening to a story, "Is it true?" It is the child rather than the grown-up, therefore, who will relish so inordinately either of the two beautifully illustrated volumes, "Our Friends at the Farm" and "Wild Friends at Home" (Harrap, 6s. net each), or our old friend "Blackie's Little Ones' Book" (Blackie, 3s. 6d. net)—a very practical affair, this; and if it be a very small child, "The Ark Book" (Blackie, 7s. 6d. net), in which the first plausible adventures of animals in authentic history are retold through pictures of uncommon delight.

Not that a child fails to welcome for himself a story all of imaginary events, such as "The Golden Goose and the Three Bears" (Warne, 5s. net), "Tales of Happy Common," Miss Agnes Herbertson at her most charming (Dean, 5s. 6d. net), and Miss Helen Stratton's rendering of "Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Blackie, 2s. net)—this last with a qualification, because it introduces the element of fear. Andersen's Tales too, are real, only they happen out of sight, beyond the village or "after the end of the street."

A Christmas book which is a cunning combination of the two qualities enumerated will approximate most nearly to the children's ideal. It is a great drawback if a parent enters only half sincerely into the fun of Christmas morning. But let its subject only be "Five Bad Chunkies" (Milford, 6s. net), and the drawback would be rather that the fortunate grown-up to whom this delightful volume is presented will surely want to retain it an unconscionable time, to chuckle over it with each of his cronies in turn. The "chunkies" are alive; the popular Miss May Byron and her illustrator have shown them in the act of committing real wickednesses, especially Archibald, the youngest, who tumbles into the pig-trough and "drips tears and pig-wash all the way home." Six shillings, however, may be a big sum for children to pay for the happiness of a mere adult; in that case, "Four and Twenty Kickabouts"—delightful title (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net)—or "What Happened to Uzz, Buzz, and Fuzz" (Jarrolds, 3s. 6d.), each with plenty of the coloured pictures which are a necessity in such productions, should be of good alternative service. They also tell of genuine little rascals whose wickednesses, though less domesticated, might none the less happen to anybody.

There is little doubt that the reception given to Peter and his pencil in an elaborate volume (Lane, 7s. net) will be wholehearted from every corner of the Christmas hearth. "Peter's Pencil" worked marvels—just the kind that any child's pencil works on the nursery slate, and Peter's tale is no less marvellous. "Betty and Bobtail,"

by Miss Lilian Gask (Harrap, 6s. net), "The Princess Who Forgot" (Jarrold, 3s. 6d. net), and "Peggy's Twins" (S.P.C.K., 6s. net) will appeal most strongly to mothers, so that we recommend them to maidens of six or seven.

But whichever book is chosen (after due discrimination), the children can be assured that their gifts will at least mean a respite for enviable elders from the dull and wearisome state of being grown up. And what better Christmas romp can there be than that which is not only of the parlour-game order, but in the dark recesses of the adult mind?

B. M.

## TWO BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

MR. BALFOUR, who has decorated the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" (Constable, 21s. net), works almost wholly within the Beardsley tradition; but he is a derivative artist and not an imitator. His pictures are decorations, not illustrations; and at their best they achieve a very unusual delicacy. Mr. Balfour's command of line is exquisite; and though his plates vary in quality and show a marked falling off in the one or two which are printed wholly in colours, we are certainly inclined to pronounce this one of the finest decorated books of the season. It shares the position with Alastair's edition of Oscar Wilde's "Sphinx" (Lane, 25s. net). On the whole, however, we must give the "Sphinx" pride of place, in spite of the fact that we consider Alastair's decorations inferior to Mr. Balfour's at his best, and a good deal more *malsain*. But the edition of the "Sphinx" is conceived as a whole. The paper is of the finest, and the reproduction of the delicate line drawings on the rough surface nothing less than miraculous. The admirable judgment in the combination of green and black in the large initials, and the perfect typography, reveal in the designer of the book a sense of unity that cannot be overpraised. Whatever may be our opinion of Alastair's separate drawings, his instinct for the whole that a decorated book must be in order to become a work of art is beyond criticism. It is a very unusual gift; and those who have it seldom find a publisher who permits them to give it expression.

ONE of the more encouraging experiments in the matter of improving the general taste is that of Messrs. Lund Humphries (3, Amen Corner, E.C.), who have published a series of six coloured Christmas cards at 1s. each, designed by modern English artists—Albert Rutherston, Randolph Schwabe, A. Gwynne Jones, C. Lovat Fraser, E. McKnight Kauffer and Nancy Nicholson. Everyone is infinitely better than the shiny sentimental rubbish in most stationers' shops; but we like best those of Mr. Schwabe, with verses from Crashaw's "Holy Nativity," and Mr. Fraser, with George Wither's Lullaby. The decoration and the text are more harmonious; and they are completely free from a slight tinge of preciousness which is perceptible in the others. However, we cordially recommend the series as a whole.

HABITS AND CHARACTERS OF BRITISH WILD ANIMALS. By H. Mortimer Batten. (Chambers, 21s. net.)—The pictures are by Mr. Warwick Reynolds, and are vigorous as well as faithful. The descriptions of the animals, which range from the Red Deer to the Wild Cat (omitting most of the small deer), deserve the same epithets; and we like Mr. Batten's spirit, which is in the proper humanitarian tradition. His personal observation has been very full, and his anecdotes are sometimes fascinating. We have quarrelled with somebody before this over the problem of the hedgehog's diet; and we will quarrel with Mr. Batten (admiring his work at the same time).

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LONG years ago—so wise men tell us—an old monkey went mad in the woods, and the result is Man. We are an unfortunate *genus*, and can never bridge the gulf which has grown between us and the other inhabitants of the early world; they all suspect us; they refuse to imitate our whims and oddities. The horses whom we pass in the streets gaze calmly at us with magnificent pity; the dog condescends to know us, and proceeds to more important business; the frog hastens from our most courteous and amicable approaches, and the ladybird whom we invite to travel on our coat soon wearies of us and takes wing. We trample through the meadows, "senseless lumps of animated clay"; we "scarcely set our foot but something dies"; but the old feeding horse takes a care, and sets a hoof as he bites by the lark's nest so as not to harm the eggs or young. It is not so remarkable that ants among themselves

speaking a language whisperingly

Too fine for us to hear;

but why and how does that handsome fellow the perch so often leave his own kind and keep company with the shoal of roach? Why does not the frog flee so precipitately from the inspecting dog, who possesses far larger teeth and a far more galvanic manner than ourselves? Though there is a red claw in the woodland, yet how peacefully the creatures all live together—until one of us arrives.

It is this gulf which has from time immemorial invited imagination and fancy; we may with some appearance of accuracy discover and describe the habits of animals, but their thoughts are entirely their own. It is with the greatest difficulty that we interchange our own ideas, by means of complicated systems of oral or graphic symbols; we are totally at guess when we try to view the world through the eye—the mind's eye—of, shall we say? a bat or a jaguar. We can nevertheless hear that eccentric old monkey in his invented speech asking: What does that matter? What have I gone mad for, if not to exercise my imagination? Do you want to write about frogs? Write about me and label the ideas "Frog." Allow for the inferiority of that animal, and only use my simpler notions. Hence arose that harmonious ballad, "A frog he would a-wooing go"; and on these lines the traditional animal fable or story runs. After all, the audience which would prefer the ideas and emotions of a jackdaw to those of proud man would be untrue to type. Untrue to type? Yet there are some whose ideal is a lodge in some vast wilderness, and a conversation with those living things who speak no printed language.

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